



No. CXXXVI.]

Contents

[FEBRUARY 1894

PAGE

The Matchmaker. Chaps. XIII.—XVII. 331

By L. B. WALFORD

'The Garden of Roses' of Shaikh Sa'di 366

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

Phil's Race 375

By MAY KENDALL

Colour. 377

By J. G. MCPHERSON

Mrs. McGlory's Niece 387

By MRS. A. W. HUNT

Dean Stanley of Westminster 404

By A. K. H. B.

A Ride for Dear Life 420

By CHARLES MONTAGUE

At the Sign of the Ship 431

By ANDREW LANG

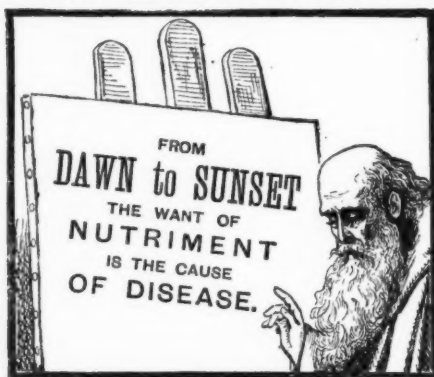
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row
and New York: 15 East 16th Street



FROM DAWN TILL SUNSET.

USE IS LIFE,

AND HE MOST TRULY LIVES WHO USES BEST.



*The Blacksmith's Arm and
The Statesman's Brain.*

The most truly Living Body is the most active in Decay; the more bodily and mental vigour are displayed, the more quickly do the various tissues melt down into substances which are without delay removed by the excreting organs. *The more the Blacksmith Works his Arms and the Statesman his Brain,* the heavier bulk of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen is thrown out by the lungs, liver, skin, and kidneys. Do they then wear them out by this constant friction and drain? No, no—the more the bricks are removed from the old wall, the more new bricks will a

good builder put in; and so, provided that the supply is sufficient—that the builder is a good one—the more rapid the drain the newer and stronger and better the body will become.

The Renewal of Life. The Want of Nutriment is the Cause of Disease.

MILK THE ONLY PERFECT HUMAN BUILDER.

As Milk is the only perfect food, the above facts prove the importance of Milk when sipped hot, when you have drawn an overcraft on the bank of Life. *Hot Milk* is the only True Food for the prevention of disease, **INFLUENZA, SLEEPLESSNESS, &c. &c.**; (premature death) in any form of Physical or Mental Strain use Hot Milk and *Eno's 'Fruit Salt'* as occasion may require to cause a Natural flow of Healthy Bile (a New Life). By the means of *Eno's 'Fruit Salt'* the Hot Milk will agree, which otherwise might produce biliousness, &c.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is the best and simplest preparation for regulating the action of the liver that has yet been discovered. It prevents diarrhoea.—It removes effete gouty, rheumatic matter, or any form of poison from the blood. No one should go for a change of air without a supply of this invaluable preparation.

From the late Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

November 1, 1873.

'Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your "FRUIT SALT," I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant bilious headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple "FRUIT SALT," however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints, that I think you may very well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink. I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

'To J. C. Eno, Esq.'

J. W. NEIL.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' contains the valuable saline constituents of ripe fruit, and is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sailors, or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure, and fevers and epidemics prevented.

**IT OUGHT TO BE KEPT IN EVERY BEDROOM IN READINESS FOR ANY EMERGENCY.
ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION. ONLY REALITY CAN BE OF REAL PROFIT.**

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'**. Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,** by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

and

n.

s the
odily
the
ssues
are
eting
orks
rain,
ogen,
ut by
Do
con-
-the
the
ill a
is a
ome.

FR.

when
s the
SS,
and
Bile
hich

e liver
or any
uable

ion in
orous
affect
ncom-
cure,
mbers
ALT,"
cation
as to
whom
ts use,
rating

CEL.

utely
nts in

BE

ham,
u

tent.

Longman's Magazine Literary and General Advertiser.

ALL APPLICATIONS RESPECTING ADVERTISEMENTS AND BILLS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO
Messrs. LONGMANS & Co., 39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.



THE SURPLICE SHIRT

Made to Measure.

PRICE LISTS SENT ON
APPLICATION.

SAMPSON & CO.,

268 and 270
OXFORD STREET, W.



IF YOU WANT—

APPLY TO—

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE,

East Harding Street,

LONDON, E.C.

Deposit a/c's opened

Standing Orders received.

Lists on Application.

Any Information given.

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE." *Lancet*, June 15, 1889.

PEPTONIZED COCOA & MILK

[PATENT]

Most Delicious, Nutritious & requiring no digestive effort.

Tins 2/6. Half-Tins (Samples) 1/6.

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

MR. MURRAY'S BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.

- OLD DECCAN DAYS;** or, Hindoo Fairy Legends. Collected from Oral Tradition. By M. FRERE. With Introduction by the late Sir Bartle Frere, Bart. Fourth Edition. With 50 Illustrations. 6s.
- IVAR THE VIKING:** a Romantic History, based upon Authentic Facts, of the Third and Fourth Centuries. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLŪ, Author of 'The Viking Age' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- BENEDICITE;** or, The Song of the Three Children. Being Illustrations of the Power, Beneficence, and Design manifested by the Creator in His Work. By G. C. CHILDS CHAPLIN. 6s.
- THE LETTERS OF LADY BURGHERSH** (afterwards Countess of Westmorland) from Germany and France during the Campaign of 1813-14. Edited by her daughter, Lady Rose WIGALL. With Portraits. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.** By ISABELLA L. BIRD (Mrs. Bishop). Illustrations. 7s. 6d.
- UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.** Travels in the Interior of Japan. By ISABELLA L. BIRD (Mrs. Bishop). Illustrations. 7s. 6d.
- A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GEORGIANA LADY DE ROS,** with some Reminiscences of her Family and Friends, including the Duke of Wellington. By her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. J. R. SWINTON. With Portraits and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- JENNY LIND, THE ARTIST, 1820-1851.** Her early Art Life and Dramatic Career. From Original Documents, Letters, Diaries, &c., in the possession of Mr. Goldschmidt. By CAULI H. SCOTT HOLLAND, M.A., and W. S. ROCKSTRO. With Portraits and Illustrations. New Edition in one vol. Crown 8vo. 9s.
- NOTES BY A NATURALIST:** an Account of Observations made during the Voyage of H.M.S. *Challenger* round the World. By H. N. MOSSLEY, M.A., F.R.S. A New and Revised Edition. With Map, Portrait, and Woodcuts, and a brief Memoir of the Author. 9s.
- OCEAN STEAMSHIPS:** a Popular Account of their Construction, Development, &c. With 96 Woodcuts, Maps, &c. 12s.
- WILD SPORTS AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.** By CHARLES ST. JOHN. New and beautifully Illustrated Edition, with Notes, a Memoir, and Portrait of the Author. Edited by the Rev. M. W. WATKINS. 12s.
- RECORDS OF A NATURALIST ON THE RIVER AMAZONS, DURING ELEVEN YEARS OF TRAVEL.** By WALTER HENRY BATES. With Coloured Plates, Map, and Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 18s.
- THE GREAT ANDES OF THE EQUATOR.** By EDWARD WHYMPER. With 140 Illustrations. 21s. net.
- A NATURALIST'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN H.M.S. 'BEAGLE.'** By CHARLES DARWIN, F.R.S. With Views of the Places and Animals described, by R. T. PRITCHET. With Maps and 100 Illustrations. 21s.
- THE CRUISE OF THE 'MARCHESA' TO KAMSCHATKA AND NEW GUINEA.** With Notices of Formosa and the Islands of the Malay Archipelago. By F. H. GUILLEMAUD. With Maps and Illustrations. 21s.
- THE PAMIRS.** Being a Narrative of a Year's Expedition on Horseback and on Foot through Kashmir, Western Tibet, Chinese Tartary, and Russian Central Asia. By the EARL OF DUNMORE. With Maps and Illustrations. Two volumes. Crown 8vo. 21s.
- THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY,** late Dean of Westminster. By ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. With the co-operation and sanction of the Very Rev. G. G. BRADLEY, Dean of Westminster. With Portraits. Two volumes. 8vo. 32s.
- ALONE WITH THE HAIRY AINU;** or, 3,800 Miles on a Pack Saddle in Yezo and a Cruise to the Kurile Islands. By A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR. With Map and numerous Illustrations by the Author. Medium 8vo. 18s.

New Illustrated Catalogue sent Post Free on application.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1894.

The Matchmaker.

Human life is nought but error.—SCHILLER.

By L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER XIII.

'SETTING OUT FOR THE KIRK.'

'WHO'S for church?' said Lord Carnoustie on Sunday morning, it being the day after the events narrated in the last chapter. 'It may keep clear till after church, but we are pretty sure of a drooking coming home. So don't any of you come who are afraid of rain.'

Lady Carnoustie and her two elder daughters were afraid. They did not like the look of the sky, and agreed that it would be too great a risk to venture forth upon an open road, which skirted the shore for over two miles without sheltering trees or hanging cliffs. Carriages and horses were never taken out at Carnoustie Castle on Sundays. Even Lady Carnoustie herself walked to and from the parish church when she could, and stayed at home when she could not.

'Well, are any of you going?' demanded her husband, having received her negative. 'Mina? Penelope?'

'I shall go,' replied Penelope, getting in her voice first, as she had a trick of doing, after the manner of 'only' children. 'You come too, Mina. We shall see Mr. Redwood, sha'n't we?' aside.

'Yes, papa, I am coming,' said Mina. Then followed *her* aside. 'You had better not say those things here, Penelope.'

'It would shock them, wouldn't it?' rejoined Penelope lightly. The two had departed to make ready. 'They would say, "What a terrible motive for going to church!" Well, but it's not my "motive"; it's only an adjunct thrown in. If there had been no Mr. Redwood in existence I should have gone all the same. I always go.'

'For its own sake, Penelope?'

'For its own sake? What do you mean?'

'I mean for the sake of what you hear there.'

'Hear there? No. No, it's not for what I "hear." What a curious notion! That's Scotch, I know. That's because of the long Scotch sermons. In England the sermons are nowhere, except when some particular man preaches. But I know quite well why I ought to go,' added she, flushing slightly. 'I never thought about it, I am afraid, till I was confirmed, three years ago. The vicar must have thought I was a perfect little heathen, for no one had ever taught me, do you see? But he was very good and patient, and—and I began to understand things better afterwards.'

'You have nicer churches in England than we have here,' said Mina in rather a peculiar tone. 'I went once to an Episcopal chapel in Ayrshire. We were stopping at a country house there, and some of the people in the house were going and asked me—at least, one did—and I went. It was, oh, how beautiful!'

'Was it?' said Penelope, indifferently. She had no ear to catch the underlying strain beneath the words. To her comprehension it was but a common-place incident which her cousin had recalled. She did not know—how should she?—with whom Mina had gone to the little chapel and with whose presence its memory was associated.

'I don't care much for our church at Inverashet,' pursued Mina, recalled to the present, 'but I go, of course.'

'And will Mr. Redwood go, "of course"?' Penelope had taken to teasing about Redwood. Redwood had been as indifferent to her elegant and fanciful evening robe and prettily arranged hair as he had been to her common serge and tumbled locks. He had also anew been attentive to her youngest cousin throughout the previous evening. Penelope had been half indignant, half amused.

As she now put on the various items of her wardrobe her nimble imagination was as busy as Marie's fingers, and was

occupied by conjectures in which Mina played a prominent part. Had Mina shown herself conscious of conquest, elated and responsive, Penelope would not have liked it; but Mina showed nothing of the kind. On the contrary, a slight but perceptible annoyance was manifested when the two girls were by themselves; while in the presence of others Mina's countenance wore an expression of mingled timidity and anxiety, which, while it obviously gave satisfaction to her own family, was inscrutable to her cousin. 'They will end by making her as daft as themselves,' concluded she, having caught up the word and added it to her vocabulary. 'I don't for a moment suppose the man is in earnest. He can't be. No one could possibly wish to marry into this daft family'—pausing to consider—'but I suppose he thinks that Lord Carnoustie being a near neighbour and a big man, who could bother him in many ways unless he were squared, it would be highly advisable—indeed, only prudent—to be *épris* with one of the daughters for the time being; just sufficiently *épris* to make things pleasant and get his shooting in peace. Then he can ease off at the end of the summer and no harm done. Of course, if it came to choosing which daughter, there was simply no choice. *Aut Mina, aut Diabolus*. Sometimes I think there is a vague hint of the Diabolus about the Mina. She is a queer girl. She always seems as if she had something on her mind. Really and truly, I hope she is quite all there. Of one thing I am pretty certain already, and that is that she is sly. She has all but confessed to me that she tells lies. Poor thing! I don't wonder. I should not tell lies myself; but then I have not had the spirit crushed out of me by those awful females.' We regret to say Penelope alluded to the great and wise Lady Carnoustie and her devoted daughters. 'And if any harm ever comes to this poor silly-faced Mina, I shall know whom to blame,' concluded she.

Nevertheless she was nettled that Redwood had gone for the loaves and fishes, as she phrased it. He had done the prudent thing; attached himself instantly where such attachment would yield a profit; and perceived in her pretty, piquant self only a waif and stray, too insignificant to divert him for a moment from his purpose. 'It is too bad. I am not just Lord Carnoustie's indigent niece, as he seems to think,' her pride revolting from the idea. 'That is the worst of being found in a house with nobody to explain who you are. Naturally, people who come to it think you are only some sort of hanger-on. If that stupid old thing——' (again we must apologise for the impertinent reference

to Lady Carnoustie)—‘if that frigid automaton had had the sense to make a few allusions to me, and say where I had come from, and hope I should enjoy my stay—something to show I was of *some* sort of consequence—he might have wakened up. As it is, I shall have to do my own work. I must unfold myself. Let me see, something in this style might be effective: “Is this part of the Highlands?”—(I’ll call it “the Highlands,” though ten to one uncle Carnoustie puts in his oar; it makes him mad to hear me say “the Highlands” of this noble island, though why is beyond me)—“is this part of the Highlands as new to you as to me, Mr. Redwood?” I’ll inquire if I get as far. That will make a good start. As a matter of fact, I know from Mina that it is as new, every bit. So then he owns up that it is. So then I respond. I tell him what part is *not* new to me. I get on to London. I show him I am a London girl’—a different accentuation from that used by Lady Carnoustie when applying the same term—‘and he won’t be able to resist talking to me London talk. Oh, you don’t take me in, Mr. Wooden-faced, mealy-mouthed Redwood. You can talk, and you can listen; and you know a little bit more of the world than peeps out at Carnoustie Castle. Just you wait a bit, and I’ll pull the right string. It must have been to please Mina that he kept so mum last night, and looked black at me when I made my one little attempt. He thought he ought to suit his conversation to his company. Oh, I saw through you, Mr. Redwood! You did it very well—abominably well. You had them all purring over you like a bevy of old cats, but you did not take little Penelope in. She is pretty smart, I tell you, and you will have to keep your weather-eye open if you are going to do business without consulting her. Now for it—that is to say, if my gentleman is at church,’ with a sudden qualm on the subject. The next moment a light flashed all over her face. ‘I know nothing about this man and his habits, but I have an intuition that, if the Inverashet seat at Inverashet Church is occupied this Sunday morning, it will be because the Carnoustie seat is also expected to be adorned by the fair presence of Mina Carnoustie.’

From which it will be noted that Penelope had seen too much and heard too much at her early age. Things had been talked about in her presence which it was not supposed she would understand, but which she had thought out for herself afterwards. She had read widely and not always wisely. She had acquired the art of putting two and two together—not always with correctness—with the result that while it was indisputable she knew some things whereof she had better have been ignorant, she was not

yet quite as worldly-wise as she fancied. Good sense and good feeling came to the rescue, where the lack of good taste might have brought the poor little girl into trouble. And in the present instance good sense whispered that she would gain nothing by hinting at a disagreeable interpretation of their new neighbour's amiability; and good feeling still more forcibly argued that to expose the defenceless Mina to more observation than she had already attracted would be positive inhumanity.

Accordingly Lady Carnoustie was delighted with Penelope. Penelope never mentioned Redwood's name herself, and looked so harmless and innocent when it was named by others that it was obvious (to them) that she either had perceived nothing or was resolved to perceive nothing.

'I think it must be the latter,' pronounced Lady Carnoustie, looking round for a few minutes from her study of *Keith on Prophecy*. 'Penelope is too intelligent to have been blind. She has, however, the delicacy to wish to appear so. It is greatly to her credit. How different is such reticence from the coarse effrontery of Lady Ainslie!' Lady Ainslie had never been forgiven; no one of them had ever set foot in Ainslie House since the day whereof we all wot.

'And I think, mamma,' suggested Louisa with what she felt to be acute discernment, 'I think Penelope has gone this morning in order that Mina may not be alone.'

'Indeed! I did not think of that, Louisa; but I doubt not you are right. Now that you have brought it under my notice, I did observe that something passed between the two dear girls about the time your father brought forward his proposition. Well, it was kindly thought of on Penelope's part, I must say, and if Mr. Redwood should be in church——'

'Oh, he will be!' from Joanna.

'May I inquire how you come to be so sure, Joanna?'

'I heard him say so to papa. I did indeed.' In her earnestness Joanna's bound volume of Goulburn fell off her lap on to the floor. She had been presented with a nice copy of Goulburn when the other theological work was prohibited as dangerous in its laxity, Lady Carnoustie having sent to her own bookseller on purpose, and very kindly hoped that her dear Joanna would understand she did not wish entirely to debar her from doctrinal study. Joanna now dived after the volume, and, having recovered it, proceeded. 'I heard Mr. Redwood say—no, first papa said, "What church will you attend, Mr. Redwood? that is, if you go to church at all."'

'Your father said that? He ought hardly to have said that. He should have taken it for granted'—with emphatic finger accompaniment—'that everyone goes to church. I should not have expressed a doubt.'

'You know, dear mamma, the last tenants did not go,' timidly ventured Louisa.

'That was what I was coming to,' cried her sister, and Goulburn again tumbled to the floor.

'Really you will have that book ruined!' sharply interpolated Lady Carnoustie.

Then as Joanna, somewhat crestfallen, once more recovered her treasure and examined its edges, 'Put it upon the table till you have finished what you have to say. We shall never get to the point. What did Mr. Redwood reply? Pray let us have the plain answer without any further circumlocution.'

Certainly, dear mamma. It was only that Louie said——'

'What Louie said has nothing to do with it. What we wish to know is what Mr. Redwood said.'

'He said—papa said——'

'Oh dear, dear me!' Lady Carnoustie threw up her eyes. 'How often am I to speak? Is it *possible* for you, Joanna, *for once* to cease beating about the bush and keep to the simple fact we desire to hear? What—did—Mr. Redwood—say?'

'Unless I repeat what papa said first you cannot understand the reply.' The unfortunate Joanna was at length baited and browbeaten into something like sullenness. 'Mr. Redwood replied to papa that he thought after what Tosh had said about the last tenants of Inverashet it would never do for him not to go to church.'

'What Tosh had said? How very extraordinary! What could he have meant? Are you positive you heard correctly? Tosh! Most extraordinary! Most peculiar! Did he not repeat what it was that Tosh had said? Did your father seem to know to what Mr. Redwood referred?'

'Oh yes, very well! Papa laughed and said that he, Mr. Redwood, would stand no chance in Tosh's estimation for certain if he did not go.'

'It must have been some—joke,' said Lady Carnoustie with solemn enlightenment. 'I can think of nothing else. Tosh must have made some of his imbecile remarks—your father must have led him on to do so—and it was to one of them that Mr. Redwood referred.'

Nobody had anything to say against the presumption, and Joanna, having contributed so noble an item to the morning's amusement, was suffered to resume her studies and occasional prattle without more than her usual share of admonition and correction throughout the remainder of the morning.

Redwood was in church. The trio who tramped up the stone staircase leading to Lord Carnoustie's own 'loft' were aware of a presence in the Inverashet pew, which faced theirs, even before they took their places. Little country churches, whose occupants are dotted about at intervals, and whose entire congregation does not number over a hundred souls, are scoured at a glance. Even Penelope, who did not know where to look, was aware in the flash of an eyelid that the stranger was there. He was there, and he was looking at them. She was glad she had not wasted her new and pretty hat.

It was all very fine for this cold-blooded individual to pass her over without giving her a chance. Had there been anyone else in the place she would not have given him one; she would not have bestowed upon him a second thought. But she looked around in vain for anyone approaching to the appearance of a gentleman elsewhere, and decided that she could not yield Mina the whole of Mr. Charles Redwood.

Redwood's serious face and stony composure, the slow turn of his head and the rigidity of his immovable back, were somehow provocative, stimulative—in an irritating way, attractive. She could make nothing of him, and could not rest satisfied to make nothing. If he would but take a little, ever so little, notice of her! Or, failing this, if she had but an opportunity of showing him that someone else took notice. On the whole, she would almost have preferred by this time to have a new personage appear upon the scene, with whom she could be quite engrossed, and whose devotion must make her of some sort of consequence in Redwood's eyes.

But of this desirable apparition there did not seem a ghost of a chance.

In the regions below the only people who stood out in any way from the rest of the congregation were Lord Carnoustie's red-faced factor and his stout sisters—Mr. Soutter in a respectable Sunday suit; the women looking somewhat blown-about, warm, and out of breath, as though the effort of walking beneath waterproof cloaks against a soft west wind had been too much for them.

Penelope passed over the whole party without a second glance,

though afterwards she grew rather particularly fond of the Misses Soutter, and always went into the drawing-room if she heard they were there.

At present she had something else to think of. Was there nobody, actually nobody, even at church—the rallying point in every lonely neighbourhood—worth looking at, with the one tiresome exception?

‘And what is he? He is not a quarter as good-looking as some of those men down there!’ she mentally cried with contempt. ‘Those farm men and shepherds are a fine set. What a face that one has in the corner! He is splendid. What a beautifully shaped head and neck, what a magnificent colour, and what a line of features! A pure Greek outline. Good gracious! To think of such looks being wasted on a common man! If Mr. Redwood had been like that farmer, or shepherd, or fisherman, or whatever he is, there might have been some excuse for his giving himself such airs. As it is—oh, dear me, what a comfort it would have been if that beautiful creature had been a gentleman! He is no sort of good to me as it is.’

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD CARNOUSTIE'S SHOW MAN.

REDWOOD joined the party at the conclusion of the service, as, for a few minutes, did Mr. Soutter the factor, and his sisters. The rest of the congregation defiled past with varied salutations, to all of which Lord Carnoustie warmly responded.

This was a great time with him. He liked to get out of church, and down his own stairs, before anyone else had escaped; and then to hurry round to the main entrance, and stand close by, interchanging greetings and weather comments, until he had interviewed the entire assemblage.

Occasionally, one or another would step out from the ranks, and address his lordship; taking the opportunity to put an inquiry, or ask for a direction, confident that a few moments for this purpose would always be graciously accorded, but careful not to trespass too long—for everyone was cognisant of the old lord's foible.

It pleased them: it made him one with them. They liked

to see that he did not shuffle away up the road without a word to anyone, as it was remembered the former Lord Carnoustie, a still shy, still prouder, infinitely less accessible landlord had been wont to do. The present Carnoustie was proud enough and shy enough with his equals in all conscience,—but with themselves he was gentle and easy to be entreated; and the friendly feeling which was universally entertained for him on this account was never more manifest than on Sunday mornings.

Presently out came the Greek-faced shepherd. Something about his stalwart figure and swinging stride seemed familiar to Penelope, and as soon as he had saluted the party—which he did with a grace becoming his appearance—and passed on, she eagerly demanded, ‘Is that one of your people, uncle Carnoustie? Is that the shepherd we saw on the moor, Mina? I thought it must be. I was looking at him in church, and thinking, “What would some of our great artists give for such a model? For Orpheus, we’ll say? Or Artaxerxes? Or—any of those? I am slightly mixed, I know,” laughing, “but anyhow I wish I could tell Millais—or Long—where there is a “find” like this to be had.’

‘Ay, you mean Torquil Macalister,’ responded Lord Carnoustie, tranquilly. ‘That’s what they all say—everyone who comes here. He’s a magnificent fellow; reminds me always of a stag of ten, when I see him on the heights. Did you notice that shepherd of mine, Redwood?’

Redwood was standing by, looking on.

‘Torquil Macalister,’ replied he. ‘I came across him the day after I landed on the island. He is an uncommonly fine-looking fellow; six feet three or four, I should say? Have you many like him here?’

‘Not here, nor anywhere, I should imagine.’ Lord Carnoustie gave a little laugh. He was almost as proud of his shepherd as of his fool, and considered that Torquil and Tosh alike adorned the place. ‘I showed him to some visitors we had here in the spring, and they said he ought to be taken to London to make his fortune. I showed him to an artist once—’

‘How absurd of papa to speak like that of “showing” people!’ interjected a voice into Penelope’s ear, and her cousin Mina, with a look of vexation, made an effort to break up the group.

But Lord Carnoustie could both talk and walk. He moved on, and continued his conversation. ‘Torquil Macalister is not altogether an ordinary shepherd lad, you must know. I fancy he must have been told about his looks by some of the strangers

who come in the summer, for I doubt his having the sense to find it out for himself; and as for the people about here, they think Lachlan—the other shepherd—a deal prettier fellow!’ chuckling. ‘Isn’t it so, Mina? Didn’t Ailsie say so? Oh, it was Louisa or Joanna she told about it then!’—as Mina made a gesture of dissent—‘Ailsie affirmed that the lassies of the neighbourhood thought Torquil was just *very well*—nothing particular—but that Lachy was the favourite. Did you see Lachy? He sat two from Torquil in church?’

‘I saw him,’ said Penelope, who had the faculty of seeing and hearing everything and everybody. ‘A black, bushy man, with a shock head of hair, and a beard.’

‘That was he—that was Lachlan—or Lachy—as they call him. Well, what do you say? Is he fit to hold a candle to Torquil? You’re a girl of sense, Penelope, and you’ve seen others to judge by——’

‘My dear uncle, I have never seen any man in that rank of life’—Penelope hesitated and then proceeded boldly, flashing a glance at the imperturbable Redwood as she did so—‘nor in any other, to “hold a candle” to Torquil. I do wish someone had him for a picture. He is so wasted——’

‘What nonsense you talk!’ murmured Mina’s voice in her ear again, a low angry murmur. Penelope could not understand it.

‘Well, as I was saying,’ continued Lord Carnoustie, recollecting what had started him on the above tack, ‘Torquil has had his head a wee thing turned, as we say in Scotland. They have been talking to him—some of those artist people—about his appearance and his manners—he has very good manners, you may have noticed—and, though I have no fault to find with him in his work, Mr. Soutter tells me that he is a good deal set up in some of his ideas. He reads, you know,’ looking around for astonishment. ‘Reads; and, what’s more, reads poetry! Scott, if you’ll believe me! Mina here will tell you that not very long ago she had to lend him a volume of Scott—what was it, Mina: “The Lord of the Isles,” or “Rokeby,” or some of them?—and he had it about with him all over the moors. I found him one day far up among the knolls, lying on the heather with his dogs beside him, so deep in his book that he never heard me till I was close at hand. Almost looking over his shoulder! Of course, I took no notice. But he told Mina all about it, I fancy. Eh, Mina?’

'What, papa?' Had Mina been listening, or had she not?

'Why, about Torquil. Didn't you hear me telling them about Torquil?' testily. 'It was you yourself who told me. You said you lent him Scott's poems, and that he read them by moonlight on the heights when out after the young lambs; and now you come out with your "What, papa?" as if you had never heard of it—as if I were making it up! Isn't it perfectly true that Torquil Macalister is something of a genius—that's to say, that he wants to be a gentleman?'

'The two are not precisely——' but Mina corrected herself with an effort. 'It is quite true about Torquil's reading poetry, papa.'

'Well, that's all I wanted of you; you need not look so cross. Of course I wink at it, you know,' to Redwood. 'It would never do for me to be taking notice of such nonsense; but I am rather proud of the fellow, I own. Look at him now,' the tall form of the shepherd came into sight at the moment rounding a point of land far ahead; 'see what a distance he has got to already!' cried Lord Carnoustie, exultingly. 'See how he clears the ground! He wants to get away from us all, for he never stops to "crack" with anybody; that's another way he has; he likes to be with the gentry, and he won't consort with the common people. They rather laugh at him for it. But you take an opportunity of having a talk with him, Redwood, and you will find he really is a superior fellow.' Then, in a lower tone, intended only for Redwood's ear, 'They tell me he insists on wearing as many clean shirts a week as I do!'

The four were now walking abreast along the road, the ladies on one side, the gentlemen on the other.

'Uncle Carnoustie has a sort of patriarchal pride in his possessions—I mean his human possessions,' observed Penelope gaily to her cousin. 'I like to hear him discourse about them, and brag of them. Has he many more treasures such as Tosh and Torquil?'

'How absurdly you talk! But I can't wonder at you, when papa leads you on. Papa ought not—he has no idea how cruel he is—how unjust. Torquil Macalister is only a poor Highland shepherd,' with emphasis; 'he might be let alone, not dragged out into the light to make sport for us all. It is shameful to hold him up to ridicule and contempt——'

'Ridicule and contempt? Good gracious! what are you thinking of? What is all this about? You don't half listen to what is going on, you funny Mina. Why, uncle Carnoustie was

vaunting Torquil—his looks, his abilities, his poetic yearnings,' laughing; then lower, 'even his wearing of innumerable clean shirts! I heard him,' laughing again. 'I heard uncle's aside. Torquil Macalister is evidently his show man.'

'Yes. His—show man,' bitterly. 'You are quite right; he is papa's show man. Is that not treating him with cruel contempt?'

'Rather not. Torquil would not think so; I'll answer for him. He would be as proud as Punch. The man wants to be noticed and admired. He is as vain as a peacock. Heavens! my dear Mina, you do look at things in such a quaint light sometimes! You hear your father pointing out to us strangers the beauties of Torquil, the magnificent Torquil——'

'Penelope, I can't bear to hear you!' Suddenly Mina shook herself free of her cousin, and, deliberately crossing the road behind her father's back, addressed Mr. Redwood.

'Well!' exclaimed Penelope, left to herself.

For a few moments she was too much astonished to make a single observation; it must, indeed, have been some strong emotion which had thus impelled the shy, shrinking Mina Carnoustie to escape by means so foreign to her nature from her society; and what could have induced that emotion? What had been said to cause anyone annoyance?

Mina was not easily disturbed; hitherto she had allowed Penelope to tease, quiz, torment her with phlegmatic indifference—nay, with some appreciation of her cousin's merry-hearted buffets—so much so that Penelope had considered she was really doing a good work in thus providing her own amusement; but now, if Mina were going to turn rusty, cogitated Mina's tormentor dolefully, what fun would there be left in Carnoustie Castle?

She had thought she could knock a spark out of this one member of the household. Alas! it now seemed as if she would have to take heed of her words, even with her. The outlook was black—very black.

And she was having a nice taste of what the future might be in the present moment.

Mina and Mr. Redwood were in the high tide of talk; he, at least, was talking with considerable animation, and, as she had of herself gone round to his side, even if she did not contribute much in the way of response, it was justifiable to conclude the animation was not thrown away.

Redwood's road was the same as theirs for about a mile, when

it broke off at right angles, and turned up the glen which had been pointed out to the new tenant of Inverashet on board the steamboat.

Redwood was now himself pointing out landmarks and inquiring about boundaries, on which subject his companion was sufficiently well informed, and might have been supposed to be interested; but Penelope from her distant quarters, doomed as she was to trot alongside of her elderly relation and be content with his babble of this thing and that, took note that presently her cousin relapsed into her usual listless demeanour and replied in monosyllables.

‘How can he throw himself away upon that *stick*?’ mentally fumed she.

CHAPTER XV.

AN EXPLANATION UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

‘I DO hate waste!’ mused Penelope, further. ‘And it is such waste! To think that there should be only one man in the place, and that he should be so dense! I don’t want him; he need not suppose that. But I feel sorry that a nice-looking, a fairly nice-looking man, with a pleasant voice and a tolerable smile, should have such a mercenary soul. If he were honest—but I am sure he is not honest. He means nothing. Well, then, if he is not in *earnest*, he might just as well *amuse* himself with *me*. It is no good his hammering away at Mina; she is simply worried by it (though she made use of him just now,’ in parenthesis), ‘and it would have cheered Mina’s poor cousin in this lonely spot. Then, behold the irony of Fate! He has taken quite a dislike to poor Penelope, the only person in Carnoustie Castle, or, for that matter, in this whole desert island, who could have appreciated him!’ Aloud, ‘Yes, indeed, uncle Carnoustie, I have been admiring it all the way along.’ Lord Carnoustie was pointing out a celebrated view, and she had been gazing on it with sightless, troubled eyes. She really was vexed to be so despised by Redwood.

Then all at once a change of scene took place.

The rough tweed skirt worn by Mina Carnoustie to brave the weather had rubbed loose the bootlace of one of her boots, and as

it flapped hither and thither—now over her instep, now under her sole, getting trodden into the wet soil at every step—it caught her father's eye. He had, as we know, his own feelings about bootlaces, and could not endure to see them untied and disorderly.

'What's that beneath your foot?' he demanded, sharply. 'Stand still, and let me see. I knew it; your bootlace! That's like you girls; you never can manage to tie up your boots properly with your niminy-piminy fingers. Here, stop a minute!' holding her back. 'Let them go on,' indicating Penelope and Redwood, 'and put your foot up on the wall here,' they were crossing a bridge with a low stone wall on either side. 'Put it up and let me tie it decently for you,' concluded Lord Carnoustie, laying down his stick, all intent upon the operation.

Here was Penelope's opportunity at last.

'I suppose this neighbourhood is as new to you as it is to me, Mr. Redwood?' began she, suavely, though her heart beat a little as she spoke. When such an opening has been watched and waited for, and a dozen forms of speech in which it is to be taken advantage of carefully prepared, the silly heart will sometimes beat at nothing.

'It is quite new,' said Redwood, drily. All his animation seemed to have departed. He had nothing to say to Miss Penelope East.

'I came down from London last Tuesday,' observed she, however; she was determined to keep the conversation going. 'I came here in one day, travelling by the North-Western.' Then she affected to trip over a stone in order to afford him an opportunity for exclaiming 'Why, so did I! I, too, arrived on Tuesday, and travelled by the North-Western,' but he declined to rise to the bait.

'I am too old a bird to be caught thus,' reflected he.

'It was a pity I had to leave before the season was half over, but my father was obliged to go abroad—to the West Indies—on business; so I could not very well remain alone in town, and came straight off to Lord and Lady Carnoustie's.'

'Indeed?' very coldly.

'It is beautiful here; at least, it was so until yesterday. I thought Carnoustie Castle a most heavenly place that first evening, and it *is* very beautiful, don't you think? But it is not what one can call a wildly amusing house to stop at,' smiling confidentially. 'After London, you know.'

'After London it is a paradise,' said Redwood, abruptly. He

would now plant a blow. 'I detest London and everything connected with it. It is to me an odious place, and I thought that here at least I should be where no one was likely to force upon me London topics, and repeat the insufferable tittle-tattle of London tea-tables.'

It was a rude speech, rudely made. Penelope, who had never been so spoken to in her life, coloured with vexation, and the tears rose to her eyes.

'I am very sorry,' she faltered, and bit her lip; it was childish to be so disconcerted, but she could not help it, could not utter another word for emotion.

Redwood, who had pursued his own theory until he had allowed it to overmaster his judgment and his manners, was now, in his turn, confounded. He had expected a light rejoinder, or an expostulation, and was quite equal to disposing of either, and being still more explicit and disagreeable, had occasion offered.

But there was something so naïve and unexpected about the reception of his brusque announcement that all at once he perceived its brutality. Was it possible he had been mistaken? He had no absolute certainty that he was known to this girl, and no positive grounds for taking offence; he had only his own suspicions and deductions to guide him; and what if they had guided him wrong?

Sudden shame smote him as he caught the little trembling apology, and perceived that there might quite possibly have been nothing for which apology was due. What a fool he had made of himself!

And if she did know his story, how extra foolish it was to evince such soreness of spirit at the very mention of the word 'London.' He most particularly desired not to show that he was smarting beneath the treatment he had received from Mary Duberly, and now he could not stand a pin-prick. He would have given much to take back the petulant outbreak which had so exposed him.

But he could think of nothing to say. He could not say, 'You see, you spiteful monkey, that I am not going to stand any of your tricks. Hands off. Whenever you think to "draw" me I shall make no bones about shutting you up. So I warn you what you have to expect, and it will be to your advantage to take the warning.'

Neither could he well explain, 'Miss East, I may as well confess the truth. An ugly experience befell me before I left

London which makes every recollection of the place abhorrent ; wherefore I should be obliged if you would kindly forbear to make allusions. It is foolish of me, I know, but I cannot feel at ease under them as yet.'

Nothing of this could well be put into words, and yet he felt ashamed and discomfited, and would have liked to say that he also was 'very sorry' if he could.

As it was, they plodded on for some yards in silence.

Then Penelope slackened her pace, hearing the footsteps of Lord Carnoustie and Mina behind, and both together replied to the cheery remarks of the former, and tacitly inserted between them the person of the latter. As usual, Mina was passive in the hands of anyone who imperceptibly directed her movements.

Presently, however, Penelope did not know how it was, the two girls found themselves behind the others. It may have been her own doing. She was now uncomfortable in Redwood's presence, and all desire to do away with his unfavourable impression of her had vanished. It was impossible to suppose that such an impression had been only in her fancy: his tone, his look, the air of aversion with which he had drawn away from her while he spoke, and the rough and explicit 'set down' which she had received in reply to an ordinary civil question, conveyed its own meaning too distinctly ; and she could only feel that a man who could conceive such a causeless dislike, and so causelessly vent it, could not be worth the vexation already experienced, and certainly should never cost her a fraction in future.

How changeable is woman ! In another five minutes another shock to Penelope's tender system—she was at a tender age, easily startled—had changed the aspect of everything afresh.

The party had reached the spot where their roads separated : Mr. Redwood's winding up the glen to Inverashet, that of the rest skirting the sea as far as the entrance gates of Carnoustie Castle.

As the two gentlemen halted in front to let the girls come up, Lord Carnoustie was saying in the accents of cordial hospitality which everyone could count upon once he were caught and held fast (with him it was really only the effort of making it which caused the proffer to be less frequent than it might have been—'Papaw's lazy, but he's no ill-natured,' Ailsie was wont to affirm) : 'Mr. Redwood, you will find this a dull neighbourhood—if we can do anything for you—but anyhow I hope you will let us see as much of you as you can at our place. Lady Carnoustie is always at home at five o'clock.'

'Good-bye,' said Mina, offering her hand.

Penelope slipped round behind the other two. 'Good-bye,' she said, bending forward and keeping her hands to herself.

'Ha! the rain!' exclaimed Lord Carnoustie suddenly. 'Girls, where are your umbrellas? Up with them! I said we should have rain before we got back.'

Alas! Penelope's umbrella had been left in church.

'What?' began her uncle, whom such a trifle was most sure to upset. 'Left your umbrella in church? I never heard of such folly! How did you do it? How did you not find it out before? We were half an hour at the church door; how came you not to think about it then? And that bit of a thing of Mina's——'

Redwood was already round by Penelope's side. 'Here is mine, Miss East,' he said courteously. 'You must take mine—or let me hold it over you,' suiting the action to the word.

'No—pray no. Mina will share hers with me—I know she will.' Penelope seized her cousin's arm and pressed it with imploring and significant fervour.

'I am afraid it will hardly shelter us both,' replied Mina obtusely. And, indeed, the umbrella was terribly small; in fact, it was hardly an umbrella at all, but an old *en-tout-cas* which she had filched from the stand in the hall, her umbrella having gone astray, and been broken into the bargain. Its representative might have covered herself, but all present saw the hopelessness of its sheltering Penelope also.

And Penelope had on her prettiest hat—her hat with the pale mignonette-coloured feathers! Yet feathers and all must be sacrificed rather than accept Redwood's offer, still less his companionship.

'I am really not afraid of the rain,' she cried desperately. ('I am very much afraid of you' was written in her eyes.)

Redwood could not help smiling. ('Small wonder,' he said to himself.)

'I have nothing to go home for; no one is waiting for me; let me come along, and hold this over you, Miss East. Lord Carnoustie, will you not persuade your niece? She will get wet through——'

'Ay; I told them they would get a drooking—silly things! Well, since you have let yourself in for it, Penelope, you had better do as he says. But what you were about to leave your

umbrella behind—we must remember to tell someone to go for it.'

'There, Miss East; now, may I?' It was Redwood who spoke; Redwood who in dangerously soft tones, and with a beseeching eye cast down towards her, was pressing his services! Penelope could scarcely credit her senses.

What could this mean?

All the way home he was on the watch, and it seemed to him that no two people were ever more troublesome to deal with than the two whose companionship a few minutes before he would have infinitely preferred to that of the one whose ear he now coveted. He really did admire Mina Carnoustie, and he had not been able until within the last five minutes to endure Penelope East; yet now he was impatient to speak to Penelope, and for the moment regardless of Mina!

He had learned something which changed everything—that was all. He had casually inquired of Lord Carnoustie—putting the question as easily as possible—if Miss East were a member of a certain East family to whom in his mind he had attached her when conjecturing over her supposed knowledge of himself and his affairs.

Lord Carnoustie had replied, 'No.' His young relation had nothing to do with the family in question.

'I fancy I have met her before, however,' Redwood had murmured suggestively.

Then Lord Carnoustie had spoken out:

'Ay, Mr. Redwood, you have met her before'—(Redwood's pulses leapt)—'and I will tell you where.' ('Now for it!' thought Redwood. 'At the Duberly's, or the Charlton's, or at the Lyric, or on some of those confounded Hurlingham days!') 'I will tell you where,' proceeded Lord Carnoustie with a chuckle. 'On board the boat. She got in at Ardrossan as you did; and with a girl's curiosity took you in, and told us all about you,' and he laughed pleasantly.

'Was it only there?' said Redwood, in a tone that puzzled his companion. 'Are you sure, Lord Carnoustie, that your niece—did she not remember me elsewhere? I had an idea——'

'I am perfectly sure that she *said* so, Mr. Redwood.' Lord Carnoustie was beginning to draw himself up, and wonder if there were anything behind this, but Redwood hastily dispelled the supposition.

'Oh, if she said so, it was so, of course. It was the merest

fancy on my part. I thought perhaps I ought to have known Miss East again,' indifferently, 'and that I might have been remiss in not recognising her—that was all.'

'Why, then, you may set your mind at rest, if that was it. Penelope had never seen you, nor heard of you; she said so to us all. You were a perfect stranger to her on board the steamer, and until I suggested that the stranger she described would be the new tenant of Inverashet, she did not even know your name.'

It was upon hearing these words that Redwood was seized with the compunction which resulted as we know. He could not have avoided, indeed, offering his umbrella; but he certainly would have walked home in the wet rather than share it with the girl whose looks taunted him, but for Lord Carnoustie's communications.

He was now burning to apologise; and at length by gradual degrees succeeded in detaching himself and his charge from the other two; by speaking low, and dropping the umbrella slightly in front, he might safely assume they were out of earshot.

'Miss East, I was very rude just now.'

'Oh, it—it doesn't matter.'

'I must explain, before I can ask your forgiveness. The truth is, I was labouring under an entire misapprehension; I supposed—I imagined that you were—that I had known you—or you, me—I mean that we had met in London—I knew you came from London—and I have—have'—stammering—'very painful associations with London at present. I cannot explain; but lots of people know about it; and I stupidly imagined you were one, and that you were laughing at me.'

'Mr. Redwood! I? Laughing at you?'

'If you wish me to explain it further, I will,' he said gloomily. 'I feel I owe it to you for my rudeness.'

'Oh no—no!'

'Only a few minutes ago I learned that I was an absolute stranger to you till we met at Carnoustie Castle.'

'Not quite that,' said Penelope truthfully.

'Not? Your uncle said so.'

'We did meet on board the steamer, you know. I was the girl who got in when you did, and held your sticks while you got over the side.'

'Ah, yes; you were very kind'—he could not forbear smiling at her simplicity. 'But we were strangers then, all the same.'

You did not know my name, nor I yours.' This was very artful, he thought.

'No, I did not know your name.' She shook her head.

He breathed a fresh sigh of relief.

'And when you did know it, you had no association—it had no meaning for you—no connection?'

'None at all. But why did you fix on me?' demanded Penelope suddenly. 'Oh, I suppose because I came from——' then she remembered she was not to name the 'odious place.'

'I see you know why,' he smiled again, but quite cheerfully. 'You will forgive me now, won't you? And—and—you won't repeat this? I have endured enough—I can't tell you what it has been.'

('I don't want to know what it has been—I want to know what it *was*!' muttered Penelope.)

But she was now in high glee. She had unriddled her problem. She was dying with curiosity; she was, in short, excited, elated, joyous. She and Redwood talked contentedly together the rest of the way, and when she got home she sat down and laughed till she cried over the ruin of the pretty mignonette-tinted feathers, which both had forgotten altogether in their eagerness, and which either his carelessness or the dampness of the atmosphere had permitted to uncurl till they now hung limp and draggle-tailed over the brim of the hat.

Penelope shook the hat, and laughed to see the rain-drops fly off it.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN IMPORTANT INVALID.

'TOSH was not at church!' suddenly exclaimed Lord Carnoustie, laying down the carving-knife with which he had been hacking away at the cold beef—he was not a good carver. 'What can have become of Tosh? He never misses church.'

'Tosh is very bad with a cold, my lord,' intimated the butler from behind.

'Very bad? Is he, indeed, poor fellow? I thought he looked rather *gash* yesterday afternoon. Where is he? Who is looking after him? What have they done for him?'

'Mrs. Alison has him in bed in the stable loft, my lord.'

'Ay, in the stable loft. He'll be snug enough there. But what has she done for him?'

'I did not hear any more, my lord.'

'Not hear any more!' Lord Carnoustie looked round indignantly. 'Do you mean to tell me that no one has been near the poor fellow?—that he has been left to be ill, and have nothing done for him? Have none of you been up to see?'

'I have no doubt Mrs. Alison has done all that is necessary.' The cold tones of Lady Carnoustie's voice were intended to dispose of the subject, but her ladyship had never learned to know when these would be unavailing. Her husband simply declined to hear.

'Go and see at once what Mrs. Alison says about him,' he desired imperiously. 'Go yourself, Hyslop. I would not have poor Tosh neglected for the world. I sent him to Mrs. Alison yesterday to be looked after, and this is how she does it! Packs him off to a cold loft!'

The butler left the room.

'I really think, my dear, you might have been content to believe that no one in this house would be neglected, without sending off Hyslop in the very middle of dinner'—the mid-day Sunday repast was proceeding. 'Really you might think our comfort was at least as important as that of a poor half-witted beggar-man,' protested Lady Carnoustie with a frown of annoyance. 'How can I have things as I wish them to be when you disarrange everything?'

'Duncan can hand the plates, if that is what you wish. Here, Duncan,' to the footman, a raw recruit, who stood trembling where he had been placed, helpless in the absence of his superior, 'hand the vegetables to her ladyship, and then bring them to me. That's right. Don't hold the rim like that, my man,' in an encouraging aside. 'Take hold like this,' suiting the action to the word. 'You'll soon get into the way.'

'Too bad to disturb the order of everything on the very first day Duncan has waited!' murmured Lady Carnoustie at the other end, for the benefit of her own adherents. 'Really your father is too inconsiderate. How is Duncan ever to learn——?'

'That's right. You'll soon manage it,' in the distance.

'It is not *his* place to be teaching the footman,' continued the lady, for she would fain have had Carnoustie know his 'place' as well as his domestics. 'He will have annoyed Hyslop, and put out Ailsie, and all for Tosh!'

'Well, and why not for Tosh?' Lord Carnoustie caught the last words. 'Tosh is as good a man as another in his Maker's sight, I presume.'

'Oh, Carnoustie! Pray—really—taking your Maker's name in vain!'

'Nay, madam, *I* am not taking it in vain.' A gleam shot from the old baron's eye, and he lifted his head with dignity. 'I fancy, were our Maker sitting at this board to-day, it is not *me* He would rebuke. He who healed the blind beggars by the wayside would not sneer at my care for poor Tosh.'

'Well, well, my dear—of course, of course!' But Lady Carnoustie was undeniably disconcerted. 'But there is a moderation in all things, Carnoustie. Tosh shall be taken care of, of course. And if Mrs. Alison will let me know——'

Hyslop re-entered. 'Mrs. Alison has been herself to the stable loft, my lord.'

'Oh!'—a grunt of satisfaction.

'She took a plaster with her and a second counterpane. She also sent up a bowl of broth at eleven o'clock.'

'Ay, that's right. A bowl of broth at eleven. He would be glad of that, I dare say. What has he had since? It's two o'clock now. He must be hungry again. Tosh has a great appetite.'

'Mrs. Alison thought he would do till the servants' dinner, my lord.'

'When is the servants' dinner?'

Hyslop coughed discreetly. 'We dine presently, my lord—as soon as we have finished here. It will be in about half-an-hour, my lord.'

'Tosh will never be able to hold out till then. Get him ready a plate from here. Here, Duncan, bring me a plate.'

'A kitchen plate,' interpolated Duncan's mistress.

'Hoots!—kitchen plate! Well, kitchen plate, if you like. Only bring it sharp, and see that it is hot. He will like the hot beefsteak-pie better than the cold sirloin. And, Hyslop, give him a good helping of peas and potatoes, and a good hunk of bread, and see that you pour plenty of gravy over the potatoes.'

Lady Carnoustie durst not say a word.

'And let me see it before it goes,' concluded Tosh's careful benefactor, with a shrewd perception of the value of his final look.

Jellies and fried plum-pudding were also sent up to the invalid. Cold custard was poured over the plum-pudding; and from his own plate Lord Carnoustie swiftly transferred a piece of pastry he did not like, when Hyslop's attention was turned the

other way. When complete, there was an assortment of delicacies which no one but the healthy vagrant who could eat anything and at all hours could possibly have digested.

But Tosh's friends were not afraid.

'That will set him up finely,' quoth Mistress Alison with not ill-pleased irony. 'Tosh will want to be ill here again, I'm thinkin'. Losh me! if thonder's no papaw himsel' gangin' across the yaird!'—peering from her bedroom window—'wi' a wheen strawberries!—the first strawberries! Gairdener's been savin' them for the day! There was but a sma'dish full! He maun hae gane wi'oot himsel'. Eh, Carnoustie's a guid man!' drawing in her head again. 'Blessed are the mairciful, for they shall obtain maircy!' and with a warm glow at her heart the good old woman arranged her majestic Sunday cap, and prepared to betake herself to the servants' hall.

'Would uncle Carnoustie have been as much concerned if Torquil had been Tosh?' demanded Penelope with mischievous intent. 'Eh, Mina? I don't think he would—quite. Tosh first—Torquil second. Why don't you laugh? You never laugh now at my little jokes. Laugh, I say!'

'I see nothing to laugh at.' Mina was as cold as a stone. The two girls were alone, having escaped to their own quarters, a deserted schoolroom in a sunny turret, to which Penelope had been introduced on her first arrival at the castle, as the spot she would be expected to frequent. She had now inveigled her particular companion thither by a process familiar to masterful spirits, namely, by marching straight forward herself, and propelling the weaker vessel at her side by the insertion of her hand through the other's arm. Mina, who never opposed anybody, submitted like a lamb.

Mina, however, had but little meekness in her face or accents, when merrily nudged and desired to laugh now. Here was Penelope once more recurring to her detestable jest! Would nothing stop her—nothing make her forget?

'Why, how strangely you look!' cried Penelope, letting her cousin go, and staring with both eyes. 'Are you angry, or what? Your lips are quite white! For goodness' sake, Mina, don't go into a fit,' drawing back hastily with a new thought. 'I don't know how to manage people in fits. Do you feel ill?' anxiously. 'Shall I call anyone?'

'You foolish girl! What are you talking about?' With a strong effort Mina affected to turn lightly aside the insinuation. 'You are quite as likely to have a fit as I am,' she added.

'Hum! Don't smile that ghastly smile, then.' Only half satisfied, Penelope still held off at arm's length. 'I—I don't like it. If you feel queer, I wish you would say so. There's nothing to smile about. If you are in a temper—but what on earth is there to be in a temper about? I only made the very mildest observation on your father's partialities.'

'I had rather you did not make them.'

'Well, I must say you *are* thin-skinned.' It was now Penelope's turn to feel aggrieved. 'You need not pretend I meant to run down uncle Carnoustie—I meant nothing of the kind. I think he is as nice as he can be. I thought he was quite delightful at dinner with all his fidgets and his fuss over poor daft Tosh; and upon my word, if you are to take fire because I merely remark that he prefers his fool to his Apollo——'

'Can you not leave Torquil Macalister out of the question?'

'Eh?' said Penelope, dumfounded.

'I repeat that the way you talk of a man unknown to you, and valued by us, is—is—offensive. I beg you again to leave him out of the conversation.'

'You really are the most extraordinary—and what words you use! "Offensive"—who ever heard of one girl calling another girl "offensive"? And taking up the cudgels on behalf of a shepherd! I shall begin to think you have "a bee in your bonnet," as I heard Ailsie say someone had, yesterday. ('I believe she has,' internally, 'so I really had better be careful!') Come, now, I won't be "offensive" any more,' patronisingly. 'Kiss and be friends. And now for a more interesting topic—Mr. Redwood. What do you think of Mr. Redwood?'

Mina did not seem to know what she thought of Mr. Redwood. Oh, yes, she liked Mr. Redwood—she thought him good-looking, pleasant, gentlemanlike; reserved, but not too reserved; friendly, but not by any means forward.'

'You are simply echoing what I say,' cried Penelope, out of all patience, at last. 'You are willing to praise everything about Mr. Redwood, because you don't care a button for him——'

And why should Mina care a button for him? Mina wanted to know in mild surprise. Penelope was perfectly in the right. They had both met Mr. Redwood for the first time the previous afternoon—he came to them as a perfect stranger——

'Oh, drat "a perfect stranger"! Now, what are you jumping at? "Drat's" one of my words. Perfect strangers are a vast deal more entertaining than threadbare acquaintances. I don't want to

know every item about a man—to say nothing of his father and grandfather, armorial bearings, family honours, and hereditary vices. I like him a thousand times better stripped of externals—one tastes the true flavour; one penetrates, when one gets a defenceless wretch at one's mercy, and can pierce him through and through. I feel to know this Mr. Redwood—at least I could know him—I shall know him now'—('now that we have made up our difference,' internally) 'ever so much better for his not having a great cumbersome family gambolling round him, enumerating his virtues, and extolling his talents. As if one cannot be trusted to find out for oneself the good and the bad. So you really don't feel you care to respond to the gentleman—eh, Mina? He is not your sort? I am bound to confess you had the first offer of him. Indeed, I fancy he gently inclines your way still; he did the civil by me and his umbrella—or rather he made his umbrella do the civil by me; but that was—(Ahem! I don't think I need enter upon the tale. It's too long. And she might repeat it. It would hardly be fair, considering the poor man was really unnerved, and made such a very ample and energetic apology. No, I won't tell anybody: I will keep it to myself)—Mina, don't you see the sun is out?' changing the subject with a dart. 'See, there is blue sky over yonder. Don't let us waste time talking over a perfect stranger,' laughing, 'let us be off to the shore; it will be glorious along the shore.'

'Have you not had enough walking for to-day?'

'Have I? Well, I did think I had when we sat down to dinner. I am not such a very great walker; I had an idea of taking a good lie down in my room this afternoon in that great pillowy sofa; it looked the very place for a snooze.'

Mina seconded the idea warmly. She was sure her cousin would be the better for a rest—a good rest—of lying down till tea-time—when she would herself come and call her before going downstairs. She would escort Penelope to her chamber now—(gently edging towards the door)—and tuck her in comfortably. She appeared quite serene and affectionate—even cheerful. Obviously, all Penelope's former iniquities were either condoned or forgotten; and her cousin was now only anxious to minister to every need, and to close upon her recumbent figure the bedroom door.

In a word, Mina overdid her part. 'She is anxious to be rid of me,' concluded poor Penelope, tucked up upon her sofa; and it seemed a little hard that it should be so. She would have

liked to gossip, to chatter, to giggle, conjecture, confide, and prognosticate. She knew what she wanted—a regular girl's talk—not to be solicitously escorted to her bedroom, and left there all alone in the big place, with a shawl over her feet, and a Sunday book on the table near.

Mina had wanted to pull down the blind; Penelope had rebelled against a drawn-down blind. Then Mina had asked if there were anything more she could do; and Penelope had almost rejoined, 'Yes, you can do this, stay here with me,' but did not. She saw that her cousin was impatient to be gone.

Afterwards she remembered that impatience, and understood it.

She remembered also that about this time old Ailsie the nurse was always inquiring of her whenever they came across each other as to Mina's whereabouts—that she would be particular in demanding if the two had been together—that she would seem curiously inquisitive about the direction their wanderings had taken, and be more satisfied if they had been to the village, or round the bay, or to call on the Misses Soutter, the factor's kind old sisters, than to the lonelier hillsides and glens.

Sometimes she would ask Penelope casually if Mina ever left her when they were out upon their walks.

Penelope was about to say 'No,' when she recollected that one day she had been left on a very slight pretext, for over half an hour, in a shieling, where Mina had been visiting a sick girl. Mina had said she had another call to make a short distance off—one not so interesting—she did not think Penelope would care to accompany her, and the person she had to visit might be rather overwhelmed, it might be too much for him, a poor man, if two ladies appeared upon the scene. Would Penelope kindly wait where she was?

Penelope had waited, and now admitted the fact.

The old woman drew closer to her. 'Was she lang awa?' whispered she, with a swift, keen glance.

'Long? Not very. About half an hour.'

'Lang enough. Noo, missy dearie,' Ailsie had not yet managed, she would aver, to 'come' Penelope's name, 'hark to me, like a guid bit bairnie.'

'You are very sweet to me to-day, Ailsie. Come, now; what's it for? What am I to do for you?'

'Oo, naethin'—just naethin'! Amn't I aye sweet t' ye? retorted Ailsie, with well-feigned responsive jocularity. 'Gae wa

wi' ye, noo, for your nonsense! Only, missy—I'm sayin', missy,' the smile fading from her lip; 'ye ken ye're a guid bairn.'

'Oh, yes, Ailsie, I "ken" that, if I "ken" nothing else.'

'And ye can see a mony things, that it's no a'boddy whae sees——'

'True for you, Ailsie. Butter me up! I can stand it.'

'Eh but I'm no lauchin', my bairn. Gude kens! Aweel! what I wad say'—with a heavy sigh—'is just this. Meenie, she's no been weel guided—they're no ta'en her the richt way—she's been sair mishandled—aye, I tell 't them sae frae the beginnin', but they wadna hearken to me. Noo, it's amaisht ower late; but let that be, we'll do what we can, you and me, an'—an' maybe anither.' Then, in a quick choking whisper, 'Dinna leave her to hersel', lassie. Dinna for a moment. Let her no quit your side—no, whatever she says.'

'My dear Ailsie, how can I help it? She has quitted my side at this very moment; she ran off from me when I came home just now.'

'Ran? Whaur did she rin?'

'Round to the farm,' she said, 'to see the cows milked. I am not so devoted to that nocturnal operation.'

'The kye milkit?' exclaimed Ailsie, as with a sudden terror. 'The milkin's ower lang syne. The byre was shut, and the door steekit, when I cam past the noo!'

'Well, don't be alarmed. I know where to find her, at any rate. She goes up the burnside to the hollow beneath the first fall. It is a lovely evening; she has gone to be alone and follow her own thoughts. Ailsie, what is it you are afraid of?' Penelope had crossed the room towards the door, but now turned back as with a new thought. 'If you would only tell me, I would help you to guard against it. Is Mina liable to—has she ever had any sudden illnesses? You know what I mean? Is that why you are afraid of her being alone?'

Ailsie half shut her eyes and regarded her interlocutor with a peculiar expression. 'Aye, that's it,' she drawled slowly.

'Fits?'

'Aye—just fits. No' exactly the kind you mean, maybe; but guy queer fits, an'—an' no to be talked about.'

'Oh, of course not. I thought it must be something of that nature. She is so—so very odd sometimes. She flies out at me for nothing—she who is so meek and gentle—and looks so angry; she gets quite pale with anger—and then, when it is over, she

seems almost frightened at herself, and as if she would do anything to make one forget it !'

'It's jist tantrums,' pronounced Ailsie, who had listened with almost breathless eagerness. 'Tantrums. Tak' nae heed. She's been misguided, I tell ye—misguided; that's a'. Only dinna leave her her lane, an'—ahem!' coughing with a very tolerable imitation of her mistress's discreet cough. 'What about yon at Inverashet, think ye? Is there ony chance o' him? No that I'm carin'. He's no oor rank——'

'Which is "barons," Ailsie.'

'But gif he's dacent—an' they tell me he's raal dacent—an' gif her fayther an' mither 'll no be thrawn, and flout him as they did yon ither—eh, it wad be an unco' blessin'. Tell me, then, missy dearie, what think ye o' Redwood? Is there ony hope—ony chance?'

'No, indeed, Ailsie. I mean to have him for myself.'

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD CARNOUSTIE AND HIS FACTOR.

LORD CARNOUSTIE was scarcely more popular on his own estates than was Mr. John Soutter, his factor; and this was a very strange thing.

Scotch tenantry may adore their laird, but they invariably detest the factor. If he have a red face—or, worse still, a red nose—the result not so much of chronic indigestion as of constant exposure to sun and wind, to the frizzling rays of midsummer, and the rough coarse winds of winter, of hard wear and tear days in the prosecution of his stern calling—it is put down to a cause far less creditable.

If he be impervious to the whine of the impostor and just to exact the dues which he is aware can well be paid, he is a hard, griping man.

If he likes, occasionally, to take part in the society to which his position admits him, but to which he is perhaps, strictly speaking, hardly entitled by birth, he is a truckler. In the vulgar mind he is neither a gentleman, nor altogether a servant.

Occasionally, it is true, when the factor happens to be a relation of the great man, he stands a better chance. He is then classed with 'the family;' and, although he may be disliked, contempt cannot be mingled with the aversion.

But when, as in the case of Mr. John Soutter, there was no tie of blood, nor even of matrimony, between him and those to whose interests he was devoted, it was, we repeat, rather a remarkable fact that he was welcome wherever he went, and that, in whatsoever company he had been, there was rarely ever an ill word spoken of him when his back was turned.

Nobody could help liking Mr. Soutter. Lady Carnoustie liked him—and, to say that, says everything.

When Lady Carnoustie heard that Mr. Soutter was in the steward's room, she was nearly sure to send a message, with her compliments, to the effect that she would be glad to see Mr. Soutter before he left. When Mr. Soutter appeared, she had some small, very small, matter to lay before him. When Mr. Soutter replied, as he usually did, that he thought he could manage it, and that her ladyship need not trouble herself further, Lady Carnoustie would sigh as though a ton load were off her mind, and fervently rejoin that she had been sure all would be right if Mr. Soutter would only look into the affair, and take it in hand.

She always said of him, moreover, that Mr. Soutter knew when to go—and with her ladyship such knowledge was extremely important.

On her variable days, when the mercury in her mental thermometer was bobbing up and down at a rate that defied even Louisa and Joanna to keep pace with it, Mr. Soutter would be so quick and so cheery over the trifle he had to transact in the drawing-room, that he would be off and away before the cordiality of his greeting had had time to evaporate.

On other occasions, if he found the ladies dull and moping, and if he had no very pressing duties awaiting his attention, he would be persuaded to stay luncheon, and enliven the sederunt with a little countryside gossip.

The gossip was always, Lady Carnoustie pronounced, such as was fit to be heard at a gentleman's table. 'Mr. Soutter never says a word which I or my daughters cannot listen to with pleasure,' she had once emphatically rejoined to a little jocular banter on the subject. 'Carnoustie, I wish you were always as particular as Mr. Soutter.'

Whereupon Carnoustie would burst out laughing, and say to himself that Soutter knew which side his bread was buttered.

But, all the same, he was fain to own that Soutter was a worthy fellow, and a first-rate factor.

He would be annoyed with Soutter now and then, and vent his irritation pretty freely if Soutter, according to his views, deserved it;—but he was almost sure to look round by the grey stone house, with the pretty flower garden, yeclpt ‘Glenmore,’ before the day was over; and even if he had nothing in his hand—neither game, nor grapes, nor the *Queen* for the factor’s sisters (borrowed from his own womenfolk as a pretext)—he would sit down with the two good creatures for an hour, and take occasion to let fall a remark here and there to show what a high opinion he had of their John.

To hear John so spoken of, and to entertain Lord Carnoustie seated in a big chair between the two, was bliss untold to Jean and Marianne Soutter. To be permitted once in a while to brew for him a cup of tea—which he never took when at home, but which he now accepted as though it were a refreshment his soul loved (it was these little intuitions which went straight to the hearts of Lord Carnoustie’s humble neighbours)—to be right in remembering that he liked two lumps of sugar and a good deal of cream, to hear him say he preferred Jean’s scones, and Marianne’s black currant jelly, to ‘loaf-bread’ and butter, made a happy day for the simple souls.

John heard all about it when he came home. Perhaps John might still have been smarting under the morning’s rebuke, and feeling sore and resentful towards the old lord, who had misunderstood and misrepresented him, from his point of view; perhaps he might have greeted the first joyous ‘Lord Carnoustie has been here to-day,’ with tokens not particularly expressive of satisfaction in the great event,—but he could never hold out long. For the next minute it would be, ‘John, you should have heard how he spoke of you!’ ‘John, he thinks all the world of you!’ ‘He was telling us, John, how cleverly you could always be trusted to manage a troublesome business!’ Or, best of all, ‘He hopes, John, you don’t mind his having rather a hasty temper? He was telling us to day about his hasty temper. I said,’ proceeded the speaker, Marianne, ‘that I was sure none of us ever thought anything of that. For to be sure one must have something; and a hasty temper is just about the least thing one can have. And, indeed, we had never heard he had a hasty temper,—for you know, John, it’s not a thing to speak about, the temper of a man like Lord Carnoustie,—and I am sure we would never be so disrespectful as to be making remarks whether he had one or no.’

John would comprehend perfectly what the old lord had been hinting at.

Then he would have to listen to the tale of how the kettle was

just coming to the boil when Lord Carnoustie's grey hat was seen over the garden gate, of how little Katie, the tablemaid, had run 'ben' to inform them of the fact, and to whisper, should she bring in the tray?—of how they had thought it desirable to inquire his lordship's wishes first; and of how he had said quite heartily, and as if he had just been thinking about it, that there was nothing in the world he would like better than a good cup of tea.

By the time the narration had reached this point, John Soutter would have no further doubts in which direction the wind blew.

He knew Lord Carnoustie in and out, through and through; and knew that he himself had never in his life witnessed him accept either bite or sup from the tea-table at his own house; it must have been no ordinary penitence which had induced the crusty old gentleman whom he had left grunting him 'Good morning' with lowering brows at mid-day, to stump off to Glenmore at what he knew—who better?—to be the social hour, in order to participate voluntarily and cordially in its orgies.

Jean and Marianne might imagine it was chance which had brought their landlord that way at the auspicious moment,—John knew better.

He durst not confess thus much, lest the honour proving too transcendent, its recipients should be tempted to encroach; to insist on Lord Carnoustie's always taking tea when he called, and supposing that he had always been incited to offer this mark of esteem by feelings of remorse; but they heard no more complaints of the difficulties and vexations of a factor's life that day, nor for a good many days thereafter.

When next the two men met they would behave as usual. No remark would be let fall on either hand; but, while Lord Carnoustie was conscious of having made the *amende honorable*, Mr. Soutter was equally so of having tacitly accepted it. Thus they jogged along in harmony, mutual respect and goodwill easily smoothing over the inevitable ruffles on the surface of daily intercourse.

Lady Carnoustie had decreed the hour and the method of Penelope's first visit to the factor's family. This was scarcely a less important function than her introduction to nurse Alison; and as such it was conducted.

It would not do for Mina to run over with her cousin; Louisa—Miss Carnoustie—must escort the new-comer to Glenmore, and present her in due form. The Misses Soutter having been apprised of the event, would then be duly prepared, and it might be hoped that, if no adverse circumstances arose, all would go well.

Louisa had reported that all had gone very well indeed. Penelope had been very polite—indeed, most agreeable—to the Misses Soutter ('I am glad of that; I would not have had any guest of ours behave with coolness to the Misses Soutter for the world,' her mother had interpolated)—and had delighted both them and Mr. Soutter, who chanced to be at home, by her enthusiasm over the castle and its surroundings. N.B. Those were the days when Penelope was enthusiastic.

Mr. Soutter had hoped the young lady did not regret leaving the gay scenes of London for the peaceful country. The young lady had replied that anyone who could find anything to regret in such a spot as that to which she had now the good fortune to find herself transported, was only worthy of being sent back whence he or she came. She could think of no severer punishment.

Thereupon Jean and Marianne had straightway hung themselves, metaphorically speaking, round Penelope's neck, and even Louisa had privately told her mother afterwards that it was really delightful to go about with a companion who made such an impression.

Nor was the impression, as it turned out, on one side only. As time passed it was surprising how often Penelope's bright, inquiring face might be seen peering over the little gateway of Glenmore, and how often her fresh young voice, humble and deprecatory, yet laughing withal, was to be heard, crying 'Here I am again! You can't get rid of me! Don't say you want me to go away, Miss Soutter. Miss Marianne, mayn't I come in and stay a little?'

It was not only that Penelope could be happy, comfortable, at ease in the society of the homely sisters, it was that gradually, as the weeks went by, she found herself becoming more and more detached from the only companionship she had ever hoped anything from, after the first evening at Carnoustie Castle.

Her cousin Mina, who had begun by being friendly and communicative, had, by slow but sure degrees, frozen towards her.

Sometimes she fancied that she could fix the date at which the change began, and that it was on the Sunday after her arrival—that wet Sunday on which, it will be remembered, Redwood as well as Penelope had been in church for the first time, and had subsequently walked home by her side. If so, the latter would often muse—had Mina's subsequent coldness to do with this incident? It would be exaggerating its importance were it so;

and, furthermore, it would hardly be in keeping with Mina's own attitude towards Redwood.

Redwood was obviously quite as much attracted towards Mina as she towards him. He had not, indeed, devoted himself so exclusively after his explanation with Penelope, having now no cause for shunning a London visitor, but still he was quietly attentive to the youngest Miss Carnoustie, whose modest, downcast demeanour suited his present state of mind precisely, and was rarely drawn from her side by the sprightly sallies of a mischievous maid, who was, he told himself, rather too much of the Mary Duberly order to be safe company for any man.

Mary had bewitched him by her gaiety, her raillery, her light-heartedness. He distrusted light-heartedness now. Mary had cajoled him, and despised him; he was on the look-out for being despised a second time.

Accordingly, while he was almost anxiously in earnest to prove his repentance sincere, and more than once went out of his way to render Penelope some little service, she could not imagine that Mina would be so foolish as to be jealous, supposing Mina cared about it.

No, it was not on Redwood's account that her cousin had withdrawn herself into her shell. On the contrary, if Redwood chanced to be the topic of conversation between the two, Mina would be more frank, chatty, and discursive than on other occasions. Once she even tried a little light badinage on this wise: 'Penelope, whom did I see escorting you home from Glenmore? Ah, naughty Penelope! The poor Jean—the poor Marianne! They think you go to see them, but I fear they are mistaken, eh, Penelope?' pinching her cousin's plump arm and smiling into her face.

The face reddened a little. 'If you think I went to Glenmore in order to meet Mr. Redwood, I may tell you at once I did nothing of the kind. I had no idea he was anywhere in that direction. If I had, I should not have supposed he was likely to be at the Soutters' house.'

'You did not know he was going there on Wednesday? He had never told you?'

'Told me? Of course not.'

'He had told *me*,' said Mina, nodding at her.

'And you thought—do you mean to say you thought,' cried Penelope, flushing up anew, 'that there had been an idea on my

part, or on his part, that we had arranged a *meeting*? That I would stoop to such a thing? Would lower myself——'

'Why "lower"?' said her cousin, in a changed tone. 'I don't see how it should "lower" you.'

'To appoint a place to meet a man—a mere neighbour—a——'

'Ah, yes, a mere neighbour.'

'But *any* man,' persisted Penelope. 'I would not meet *any* man by appointment. It would be shockingly bad form.'

'Bad form? I don't understand your slang terms,' murmured Mina, with a wearied air. 'What is "bad form," may I ask?'

'Why, you know what the thing is, if you don't know the word. I say it would be shameful, abominable, degrading in me, or in you, or in any girl, to steal out on the sly to meet a——,' she stopped short.

'A lover?' suggested her cousin, softly.

'Poh! What are you talking about?' Penelope burst into a shrill laugh. 'Lovers are not in the question. Neither of us has got a lover yet, my dear Mina, but when we have—or *if* we have—I think I can promise for us both that there shall be no clandestine appointments. Hey? What do you say? To be sure, the proverb goes, "All's fair in love and war," but still——'

'Well, what?'

'It may be *fair*—just *fair*. I suppose it would be fair suppose one were being cruelly and unjustly treated,' a cloud of puzzled thought gathering on her young brow.

Mina pressed closer. 'Yes, yes?' she demanded, eagerly.

'But there are some things one could not stoop to'—again Penelope paused to think.

Her cousin was silent, waiting.

'I would fight in the open,' said Penelope at last; 'fight to the last drop of my blood; I should not mind fighting for anyone I cared for; but I would never, never, *never*'—then suddenly uplifting her hand and letting it fall by her side—'so help me, God! I would *never* resort to a mean or underhand subterfuge.'

Without a word Mina burst from her; and thereafter, and for many days subsequently, shunned her society.

Penelope often felt terribly forlorn. She had been accustomed to being made so much of, run after, petted, and admired. She had scarcely missed a mother's care in the indulgence of an easy-going father, and the worship of her little world.

Everyone had smiled upon Penelope heretofore. On quitting

her own sphere for another, she had made no doubt that it would be equally easy to shine therein, and had even been amused by the barrenness of the sphere's first appearance on the night of her arrival.

They were a funny lot she had said, but she had supposed she should get along well enough with the funny lot nevertheless; and it was only after several weeks of the persistent trimming to which every sweet wild border in her nature was subjected at the hands of Lady Carnoustie and her subordinates, Louisa and Joanna, that she experienced a dull dejection of spirit which made her find nothing more in them to laugh at.

By this time, and very naturally, Redwood had become a prominent figure on her horizon. Had she met him elsewhere, under other circumstances, he might have been passed by without a thought; she saw dozens of men in town, who had the same air, figure, bearing,—and beyond these she really knew scarcely anything of her present neighbour; but from sheer lack of subjects for thought, and from a terrible discontent which was gradually creeping upon her, she grew to like Redwood a little.

To be continued.)

First Gateway of 'The Garden of Roses' or Gulistan

OF MASLAH-UD-DIN SA'DI AL SHIRAZI, COMMONLY CALLED
THE SHAIKH SA'DI.

TRANSLATED BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD FROM THE PERSIAN TEXT.

INTRODUCTORY.

HERE are the first pages of Sâdi's *Gulistan*, faithfully translated—prose into prose, verse into verse. The great Persian poet and moralist, it is said, was born at Shiraz in 1175 A.D., and died in 1292 A.D., which makes him to have lived one hundred and sixteen years. The tradition is that he did not begin to compose his exquisite works until his ninetieth year, and that he laboured steadfastly from that age till he was 102 years old at the *Gulistan*, the *Bostan*, and the *Pendnahmeh*. Those books, created with such stately leisure, are popular to the largest extent at this day in Persia—particularly the *Gulistan*, which everybody reads, knows, and quotes. It is, as will be seen by this commencement, a *mélange* of prose and verse. It consists of a preface, eight chapters, and short conclusions. The preface begins with the praise of God; then comes a eulogy of the Atabak Abu Bakr bin Sad bin Zangi, to whom the work is dedicated; afterwards a prayer to God to preserve Shiraz; and the reason or cause of writing the book follows.

The headings of the Babs—chapters, or gateways—run :

- I. 'On the Ways of Kings.'
- II. 'On the Qualities of Dervishes.'
- III. 'On the Excellences of Contentment.'
- IV. 'On the Advantages of Silence.'
- V. 'On Love and Youth.'
- VI. 'On Infirmary and Old Age.'

VII. 'On the Effects of Education.'

VIII. 'On the Duties of Companionship.'

The first chapter contains forty-one stories, with verses intermingled and attached to them; the second, forty-nine; the third, twenty-nine; the fourth, fourteen; the fifth, eleven; the sixth, eight; the seventh, nineteen; and the eighth, one hundred and six, followed by a brief and eloquent conclusion.

THE GULISTAN.

GATEWAY THE FIRST.

STORY I.

ON THE WAYS OF KINGS.

Of a certain king I did hear who had given signal to slay his captive, whereupon that hopeless one, in his condition of despair, and with such language as woe might command, began to curse his majesty, and to pour reproach on him; for the saying is: 'Whoso hath washed his hands of life, will utter whatsoever is in his heart.' In time of necessity, when there remaineth no escape, a man's fingers will catch at the edge of a sharp scimitar.

The king inquired, 'What is that which he is saying?' One from amidst the wuzeers, kindly of disposition, made answer, 'Ay, Khudâwand!' he sayeth, 'Allah befrieth whoso restraineth anger, and is merciful to his fellow man.' Whereupon compassion came upon that lord, in place of desire for blood, and he would have passed the matter over.

But another wuzeer, who was the opposite of this one, spake. 'It ill becometh personages of our rank that, in the presence of sovereigns, we should utter any words save true words. Yon wretch did give our lord abuse, and used unfitting language!'

The king, at this speech, puckered up his face, and said, 'To me that falsehood of his seemeth more pleasing than this truth which thou hast spoken, because the face of him was towards fair counsel, but this rebuke of thine is founded on malice; and the Hakima have declared, "A lie for the sake of mercy is better than the truth for the sake of mischief." Woe to him on whom the king trusteth, if he shall speak anything except good.'

On the portico of the Hall of Feridoon there was written :

This world, my brother, will abide for none :
Set heart on Him that hath made the world, alone !
Fix no reliance here, seek no repose ;
Who lived are dead, and thou shalt be as those.
'Tis one—when towards departure souls draw nigh—
To sit on thrones, or on bare earth to lie.

STORY II.

ONE of the kings of Khorasan saw in a vision Sultan Mahmud Sebuktigîn, a hundred years after his death, when all his body was fallen to fragments, and he had become dust, excepting his eyes. Those were still rolling round and round in the eye-pockets, and gazing everywhere. From the attempted interpretation of the king's dream all the Hakima retired, helpless. But there was a Darwesh, who, making obeisance, explained it, saying : ' His eyes do goggle yet, because his kingdom is in the hands of others.'

Many a lord hath been shovelled away,
Leaving no trace upon earth to-day ;
The proud old carcases under the stones,
The grave hath eaten their last little bones ;
But the name of Nushîrwan, from year to year,
Lives for his largesses, happy and dear.
Oh, king ! do good ! fetch profit from breath,
Before they say ' 'Tis thy day of death !'

STORY III.

I HEARD of a prince who was small of stature and not well-favoured, while his brothers were tall and very comely. It happened that his father once looked on him with displeasure and contempt, which the son by his good sense discerning, thus spake ; ' Ay Padar ! a short yet wise man is better than a tall fool. Not everything of great size is on that account of great value.'

Came it to your ears to hear
What the thin philosopher
One day, in his wisdom, said
To a great fat pudding-head ?
' Friend,' quoth he, ' an Arab steed,
Though he should be lean indeed,
By his quality surpasses
Any stableful of asses.'

The king laughed at this and his ministers of state applauded, but the brothers were vexed to the roots of their hearts.

As long as men do silent go,
Nor faults nor merits can we know,
Yet deem not every still place empty,
A tiger may be met with, so.

I heard that at that time a formidable enemy made head against the king, and when the two armies came together the first to urge his war-horse into the field was the young prince, crying aloud :

I am not he in the battle of whom they shall see the back,
Look for me where the blood runs red and the dust rolls black ;
Leaders that fly from the field with the lives of their men wage war,
Stake your own souls on the game, ye who the chieftains are !

Thus he spake, and, on the footmen of the enemy delivering an attack, he overthrew many soldiers of fame. Afterwards, coming before his father, he kissed the dust of obedience, and said :

Sire, this person of me seemed
Mean, so long as I was deemed
Soulless, yet for battle's shocks
Better lean horse than fatted ox !

It is told that, the footmen of the enemy being many and the soldiers of the king few, a squadron of the latter had made as if to fly, but the prince lifted up his voice and cried : ' If ye be men take heed they say not at home of our horsemen, " Go ! put on women's shifts ! " ' By which words their fury was so increased that with one mind they attacked their adversaries, as I heard, and on that day obtained their victory.

The king kissed the head and eyes of the prince, and clasped him to his bosom ; and day by day thereafter looked with more regard upon him, until he made him his wali, and appointed him successor. But the brothers bore him much malice, and presently mixed poison with his food, which the sister of the prince observed from her balcony, and clapped to the shutters violently, thus warning the prince, who withdrew his hand from the meat, remarking, ' If the wise man should perish, do fools think they could fill his place ? '

Though the Homá¹ should die, that marvellous fowl,
None would go under the wings of the owl.

¹ The Homá was a fabulous bird, the shadow of whose pinions could destine anybody to become a king.

They informed his majesty of what had happened; whereupon he summoned the brothers, and after rubbing their ears with suitable sternness, he allotted from the territories of his kingdom a certain share to each, so that contention might be put aside. Yet, indeed, the wise have said :

Ten darweeshes upon one mat sleep well,
But in one kingdom two kings cannot dwell.

And, again :

The man of God, with half a loaf to munch,
To fellow-beggars gives the other hunch ;
But if a king a whole dominion seizes
Till he gains such another nothing pleases.

STORY IV.

A TAÏFAH of Arab robbers had planted themselves on the crest of a hill, cutting off all passage of caravans ; and the peoples of the region were distressed, the sultan's troops having been repulsed, because the robbers had seized upon an impregnable stronghold on the hill-top, and made it into a residence and a den. The ministers of those parts took counsel together towards the staying of this mischief, seeing that if the band should be suffered to continue in their evil ways, their suppression would soon become impossible.

A tree that to-day its first twigs shoots
The hand of a single man uproots ;
But if for a season ye delay,
Windlass and cords will not drag it away ;
With a straw ye may stop the springs, which drown
The lordly elephants lower down.

Their talk settled into this: that one be sent as a spy to watch for an opportunity when the robbers should attack a tribe, and leave their lair empty ; to take possession of which some seasoned soldiers, long proved in fight, were concealed within a pass of the mountains. And, duly in the evening, the robbers returning from the expedition with plunder, ungirt their weapons, and deposited the spoil. The first enemy to attack them was slumber. One watch of the night had passed.

The orb of the sun into blackness had dipped
Like Yônas, who into the whale's belly slipped.

Then those brave soldiers sprang from their ambush, and one by one tied the wrists of the robbers behind their backs. In the morning they brought them to the court-yard of the king, who gave command to kill every one. But by chance there was among them a young lad to whom was lately come the glory of the blossom of his manhood, and the bud of the rose-garden of his cheek had but newly blown. One of the wuzeers kissed the foot of the king's throne, and laying the face of intercession upon the dust of humbleness, said: 'This boy as yet hath not eaten any fruit from the garden of existence, nor drawn any enjoyment from the delightfulness of youth. My hope is, from the compassionateness and magnanimity of your majesty, that you will gratify me, your slave, by sparing his blood.'

The king at this drew his face together into a frown—for that which was said did not consist with the royal inclination. He remarked:

Soil and shadow may be suited, but the bad seed will not grow;
On a dome, in hopes they'll stay there, nuts and walnuts do not throw.

'It is better to cut off man and boy of the rogues, and clear them away root and branch, since to quench fire and leave sparks, or to kill a serpent and save her young ones, was never the way of wise men.'

If the waters of life were to rain,
The willows would bear us no plums;
On the worthless bestow not your pain,
From the marsh-rushes no sugar comes.

The Wuzeer heard this speech, against his will approving the good sense of his majesty; as to which in praise he said: 'Afrin! Afrin! My lord!—may his kingdom be eternal!—hath truly spoken, for if this youth had continued to be brought up with these villains he would have become such as they be. Yet is your slave of lowly hope that by the companionship of pious persons he may get training, and learn the morals of the wise, being still but a child, and the perverse and naughty ways of this band not being hitherto firmly implanted in him.'

The wife of Lût with wicked ones was friend
Whence prophecy's good gift came to an end;
But, dwelling with the seven men in the cave,
The faithful dog man's attributes did have.

Thus spake the Wuzeer; and certain of the court people made one with him in the intercession, so that the king withdrew from

willing the boy's blood, and said: 'I pardon him, albeit it does not seem a proper thing to do.'

What Zal said once to Rustum, dost thou know?
 'Think none contemptible who is thy foe;
 From fountain-head the rillet trickles small
 Which, swollen, drowns the camel—load and all.'

In result the Wuzeer took the lad into his own house, and with kindness and favour brought him up, and appointed a teacher and a professor of elegant manners for his education, so that he learned graceful address, and the art of polite reply, and how to deport himself with princes—becoming approved in the sight of all. And once the Wuzeer made mention before the king of his virtues and good manners, saying how the tuition of the prudent had made its mark on the youth, and how his former foolishness had departed, but his majesty only smiled at the speech, observing:

A wolf's cub will be wolf at last,
 Though all its days with lambs were passed.

Two years elapsed, when a band of vile fellows of his quarter, companioning with the youth, so straitly tied the knot of fellowship that at a moment of opportunity he killed with their aid the Wuzeer and his two sons, and carried off a prodigious booty to the robbers' cave, where, taking the place of his father, he became a bold and open offender. When they told the king he bit the hand of emotion with the teeth of thought, and exclaimed:

A good sword out of worthless steel can ever any make?
 Ay, Hakeem! Waste no patience for a wicked person's sake!
 The rain that, in its gracious fall, did never favour know
 Brings tulips forth in gardens, but makes weeds in swamps to grow.

And again:

The salt marsh bears no spikenard,
 Waste on it no sweet seed!
 Kindness to evil people
 Does good ones an ill deed.

STORY V.

At the gate of the Serai of Ughlumish I saw the son of a man of rank who displayed such sense and sagacity, such wisdom and discernment, as were beyond praise. Even in the days of childhood the marks of dignity had been visible on his brow.

Above his head, from thoughts of good,
Shone bright the gem of rectitude.

Soon he became well-esteemed of the Sultan, as being goodly in face and form, and possessed of great intelligence; for the Hakima have said

Wealth is from worth, and not estate,
And wit, not length of days, makes great.

But his associates grew jealous of him, and, falsely accusing him of disloyalty, planned a vain effort to take his life. Yet

What irks the foeman when the friend is true?

The king inquired: 'What is the cause of their enmity towards you?' He replied: 'In the shadow of the glory of thy lordship I have obtained good-will from all save the envious ones whose wish is only to have me fall from favours. May the splendour and prosperity of thy sovereignty endure!'

To wound the heart of any I would shun;
But what can save that self-tormenting one,
The envious man? Die, wretch! only death brings
Peace to the grief which thy base spirit stings.
The luckless wish the lucky ones to fall
From wealth, rank, favour, dignities and all.
But if by day-light blind are eyes of bat
To the bright sun what blame can be in that?
Will you hear truth? better a thousand so
Than that the glorious orb should darkling go.

STORY VI.

THEY tell a tale of one of the Kings of Persia, who against the goods of his people made the hand of his oppression far-reaching, and wrought such tyranny and injury, that flying from the devices of his malice and from the misery of his persecutions, the folks all took the path of departure, wandering into the world. His subjects thus becoming fewer, the mainstay of his land dwindled, the royal chest was emptied, while enemies from all sides brought their strength against him:

Whoso looks for help in trouble when calamity descends,
In the season of good-fortune let him cherish well his friends,
The very slave, the ear-ringed bondsman, flies from the master he doth
fear

So treat the subject that he serve, as if a ring hung in his ear.

One day, in the king's court, they were reading the book of the Shahnâme, how the possessions of Zohak decayed, and of the reign of Feridoon. The Wuzeer put it to the king why—having no treasure, no land, no pomp of followers—the kingdom came to be established on Feridoon? 'Surely,' quoth his majesty, 'twas in the manner we have heard. The people gathered round him by attachment, and thereby becoming strong, he gained the government.' Then the Wuzeer humbly gave answer, 'If to make the people cleave to their prince, is the means to power, why wilt thou vex and scatter thine, unless it be that thou dost no longer desire to rule?'

'The king for his army his life should give,
For the king by his army alone doth live.'

'How then,' inquired his majesty, 'must a Monarch act to attach to himself people and troops?' Replied the Wuzeer, 'Needs must such an one be just that they may fearlessly gather round him, and merciful that they may sit at ease under the shadow of his power. But thou hast shown neither justice nor mercy.'

As well may a tyrant govern a land,
As a wolf be shepherd to goats and sheep;
The king that rules with a tyrannous hand
Saps at the stones of his palace-keep.

To the king's ears his Wuzeer's plainness was not agreeable, so he bade them bind the good man and cast him into prison. But many days did not pass before the son of the king's uncle arose in rebellion, and, levying troops, made claim upon the realm. Then a tribe which had been well nigh driven to destruction by the hand of his oppression, and became scattered, joined the rebels and so well aided them that the country went out of the king's possession.

The king who suffers the poor to groan
Shall find himself, in his strait, alone;
And friends grown foemen. Rule well, and have
Thy people thine army to guard thy throne.

Phil's Race.

YES, his memory is fading,
 Other runners take his place ;
 But a few of us remember
 Phil the athlete's crowning race.

For Lord Trevor had a fortune
 Staked upon him, and he knew,
 If he lost the race, 'twould ruin
 Trevor—ay, and others, too.

Therefore, when the surgeon told him
 Death raced with him, breath for breath ;
 Phil replied, he'd pledged his honour
 To beat Murray—likewise Death !

So they set out, Phil and Murray ;
 It was grand to see Phil start,
 In his fine old tranquil fashion,
 The death warrant at his heart.

Had a rumour reached Lord Trevor ?
 He showed nothing, as he stood,
 With the hand that held the eyeglass
 Steady as if carved in wood.

And his countenance impassive ;
 Did he murmur inwardly,
 That it would be deuced awkward,
 If the man he backed should die ?

PHIL'S RACE.

Oh, but we who knew the secret,
Not a pulse beat, not a breath
Seemed to stir the air about us,
As Phil ran his race with Death !

All had stakes down on the issue ;
Ah, but some with right goodwill
Would have lost them, every penny ;
They backed Death, but I backed Phil.

Suddenly he darted forward,
And we knew that all was well,
As he left behind his rival,
Passed the winning-post—and fell.

White and still—we rushed to aid him ;
Nay, but he had need of none.
Death was nearer him than Murray,
Pressed him hard, but Phil had won !

MAY KENDALL.

Colour.

MUCH of the charm of life depends on the blending of the varied colours which adorn nature and beautify art. It is the want of colour that intensifies the disheartening chill of winter, for a colourless landscape is stripped of its main element of beauty and fascination. The very insects are decoyed by the bright hues of flowers to follow out nature's preservative work of cross-fertilisation. The countenance would be expressionless in emotion without the lightning flashes from the angry eye or the roseate light of love on the cheek of maidenhood. The glory of the heavens in sunrise, the triumphal rainbow-arch, the sweet unstained foliage of June, or the brilliant afterglow of autumn would be to the sensitive eye no more than the dead monotony of photographic effects of mere light and darkness—meaningless and lifeless.

But what *is* colour? It is a common delusion that colour is inherent in a body which retains it under all circumstances and conditions. Now, has the gorgeously-coloured tulip any charm during the night? Has a dark-red rose any beauty when an eye is not looking on it? It is not from a Berkeleyan point of view that this question is asked; for there is by the aggregate evidence of the senses a certainty of the material existence of what is outside of us. But when sodium is burned in a flame, the varied hues in a conservatory or a drawing-room are reduced to a curious monotony of yellow. Is colour, then, an inherent property of the detailed material phenomena? Very little is said about the nature of colour by the ancients, though many of their poets poured forth brilliant effusions when spellbound by nature's enchantment. It is not easy to understand their ideas. They seem to have held colour as a property of a body, just as its density or hardness or smell is a property. And they were of opinion that a body could communicate its colour to light. Then, is not the occult cause of colour in the external object?

Of course the eye has much to do with colour. In the colour-blind the apparent colours of objects differ widely from their colours as perceived by normal eyes. As the conception of size varies in men according to the formation of the crystalline lens in the eye—some having telescopic, others microscopic formations—so the sensation of colour differs in men according to the means of impressing the optic nerves. The apparent colour of any light which falls on the normal retina depends mainly on the relative intensities of the excitement produced by the light on certain organs of sense. In colour-blindness one or more of these organs of sense is wanting or imperfect. The most common form (called Daltonism, from the famous discoverer of the atomic weights of the elements) depends on the absence of the red sense. From the experiments of Holmgren on two persons, each of whom was found to have one colour-blind eye, the other being nearly normal, it was found that these persons could describe the various colours with one eye, but that there was a dead uniformity of colour when looking with the other eye. Thus theory was verified by actual observation. A jaundiced vision blanches all nature. A large dose of the medicine *santonine* affects the colour-sense considerably, and, besides distorting other colours, makes all persons incapable of perceiving violet and purple. A distinguished scientist assures us that a purple object appears perceptibly bluer to one eye and redder to the other. Then, is not the main producer of colour in the bodily organism?

There is something in the object to occasion the sensation of colour, which is only recognised by a normal organism. These two necessary components will be again referred to in other connections.

The colour of any object depends on its power of retaining or rejecting certain of the constituent colours of white light. All coloured bodies possess the property of stopping some of the rays that fall on them, and reflecting others. For example, a violet body absorbs all the rays that fall upon it except the violet, which it reflects. It has been calculated, by the aid of very fine instruments, that the different colour-sensations are produced by the vibration of the ether of space through which the waves of light from the object pass. Thus the waves which produce red sensations vibrate at the rate of about 490 million million times in a second, whereas the waves which produce violet sensations vibrate at the rate of 740 million million times in a second. Yet it takes a definite time for the sensation to be recognised by the mind,

and, when the sensation is impressed, it persists for about one-seventh of a second.

The gorgeous display of the rainbow, at the sight of which the hearts of all pure-souled people leap with rapture, suggested to Sir Isaac Newton the necessity for having seven primary colours corresponding to those seen there. But Young and Helmholtz have now conclusively proved that there are only *three* primaries, viz., red, green, and violet. Moreover, a *one-coloured* rainbow is occasionally observed. On Christmas-day, five years ago, Mr. Aitken of Falkirk, one of the most reliable of observers, saw the rare and curious phenomenon on the Ochil Hills. It consisted simply of a red arch, and even the red had a sameness about it. Stranger still, there was also part of a secondary bow, which, too, was of a red hue—not rosy, but deep furnace. The hills were covered with snow, the setting sun was glowing with a rich hectic light, and the depth of colour on all around was indescribable in beauty. The monochromatic rainbow explained all, for the rainbow is simply nature's spectrum of the sun's light. On that occasion the sun's light was shorn of all the rays of short-wave length on its passage through the atmosphere, and only the red rays reached the surface of the earth. The depth of the red on the hills was, however, intensified by the overhanging of a dense curtain of clouds, which screened off the light of the sky and admitted only the direct softer light. The seven colours of the spectrum are, therefore, not necessarily primary. Sir Isaac's superstition got the better of his calmer scientific judgment.

The three primary colour-sensations are considered to be red, green, and violet. Certain mixtures of violet and green produce a blue; red and green also give a yellow. But it is important to observe that these are primary colour-sensations, and not primary colours, though the expression 'lights of primary colours' is admissible. For it is commonly imagined that the blue and yellow mixed in certain proportions produce various kinds of green. If yellow and blue pigments be mixed together with water, the green colour produced is not a mixture of blue and yellow colours. It is the one colour which is not freely absorbed either by the yellow or by the blue pigment. The yellow pigment removes the greater part of the blue, indigo, and violet rays; the blue pigment removes the greater part of the red, orange, and yellow. Thus the light that finally escapes is mainly green. It is curious to notice, too, that the sunlight passing through glass

of one colour is not only of that colour. What is called the ordinary solar spectrum is produced by allowing a ray of sunlight to enter a narrow slit and pass through one or more prisms. If a bit of red glass be held over the slit the whole length of the spectrum is not reddened; there is no colour in the spectrum of the glass when that colour does not exist in the ordinary (rainbow) spectrum. If the red glass be pretty pure, only red and a little orange are visible in the spectrum; all the rest is cut away. Wonderful is it also that the colours seen in natural objects are chiefly residuals left after internal absorption. A tulip with green leaves can only be seen in pure light or in the corresponding colours of the spectrum. If it is placed in the red band of the spectrum the flower shines brilliantly red, while the leaves shine dull red, not green. If moved to any other band of the spectrum the red petals become black and the green alters much.

Is there any substance known to man which has *no* colour? It is a natural and excusable delusion to consider that pure water is colourless. Looking through a crystal vessel filled with water, one would be astonished to be told that water has an inherent hue. Waterfalls in the Scottish Highlands, where there is no contamination, present to the eye the purest whiteness; without any symptom of leadenness or tinness. Skilled observers, like the late Sir Robert Christison, consider that water is more or less coloured by some suspended matter. It is now, however, known that water is a blue transparent medium absorbing the rays of the red end of the spectrum and transmitting the rays of the blue end. If a very long blackened tube, which has a clear glass plate fixed to the bottom, be filled with pure water, and through this a white surface be examined, the light transmitted will be found to be blue. Even distilled water has the same property. To thoroughly verify this, take three different sets of apparatus for the distillation and examination—one of glass, the second of brass, and the third with a platinum condenser. If the colour of the distilled water is due to impurities, as the impurities in these three cases must be different, the colours will also be different. But put samples of the water distilled by the three sets of apparatus into three darkened tubes (with glass plates at the ends), and through the tubes look at a bright white surface; the effect is the same in all three cases—the colour is blue, almost exactly of the same hue as a solution of Prussian blue. This is corroborated by the fact that the purer water is in nature the bluer is the tint. The writer of the work entitled *Across Patagonia* describes a lake seen on the

Cordilleras as one 'whose crystal waters were of the most extraordinary blue he ever beheld.'

Various instruments have been constructed to determine and illustrate the mixing of colour-lights, but the best of these is the result of the ingenious inventiveness of Mr. John Aitken of Falkirk. A simplified form of his chromomictor, sufficient for plain experiments, can be here described. Procure a common eyepiece from any optician, and fix it to the end of a brass tube. To the other end of the tube fix a circular piece of wood, a concentric circle having been cut out of it. Into this circle fit equal sector pieces of red, green, and violet-coloured glass (the three primaries). Inside of this arrange a circular blackened disc of metal, with a round opening cut out eccentrically in it, so as in one position of its movement to be exactly opposite the circle with the coloured glasses, and in the diametrically opposite position of its movement to uncover only a portion of one of the glasses. As the instrument is moved round by the hand this blackened plate allows the sunlight to pass through differently proportioned parts of the three coloured sectors. The eye, looking through the eyepiece, receives the combination of different proportions of the three primary colour-lights. By this kaleidoscopic arrangement an endless variety of tints and shades of colour can be produced.

Curious effects are simply produced in this way. In the top of a box have a circular window, glazed with three sections of red, green, and violet glass, so proportioned that the resultant light produced from the three is white. Place a flat opaque ring a short distance above the white bottom of the box, and the eye will be dazzled with the gorgeous display of prismatic-like colours on the bottom. This will be covered with most varied and brilliant hues, caused by the penumbra of the opaque body being lighted with different colours on the different sides. When the red and the green circles of light overlap, a brilliant yellow is produced; where the green and the violet overlap are the blues; and the red and the violet give the purples; while in the centre, when all the three circles overlap, white is produced. This is the best practical and simple way of testing the theory of the three primary colour-lights. These experiments explain why there is so little appearance of coloured light in some cathedrals, though the windows are heavily stained; though the sun blazes through brilliantly-coloured glass, yet there is only visible the characteristic 'dim religious light.'

Any two coloured lights which when mixed produce white

light are termed 'complementary.' All are familiar with the changing colour of printed names with the eyes open and shut, or when fixed steadily on the name and transferred suddenly to a white surface. One has too often to amuse himself in this way at a railway junction, waiting for a train. He looks on the yellow letters with an indigo-blue enamel surrounding which tell of some remarkable soap or cocoa; he lifts his eyes to the grey sky, and then he sees blue letters on a yellow enamel. If the blind on a bedroom window be white, and the light not very bright, and if the observer looks steadily at a black object on the table, on closing his eyes again he will see the exact form of the object quite white—not a bad way of accounting for ghosts.

Colours formed through thin films or through mica-schist by polarised light are extremely beautiful. What a variety of brilliant hues in concentric circles are presented on the window of a closed carriage when the clear moon shines through on an intensely frosty night! The glorious tints on soap-bubbles entrance a Newton as well as amuse a child.

The secret of the production of colour is not yet revealed. The unrivalled hues of the tulip and the rose are formed from the black soil. But how? None can say. Yet one is no less startled by the endless variety of colour now produced from coal-tar. From that apparently useless substance, perfumes, medicines, and sweeteners have been formed which have startled men. But colour appeals to the eye. Only thirty-six years ago Perkin 'gathered up the fragments' in coal-tar, and produced the beautiful mauve dye. Now, from the greasy material which was considered useless, is produced madder, which makes coal-tar worth a hundred pounds a ton. This colouring matter alone now employs an industry of two millions sterling per annum. One ton of good cannel coal, when distilled in gas retorts, leaves twelve gallons of coal-tar, from which are produced a pound of benzine, a pound of toluene, a pound-and-a-half of phenol, six pounds of naphthalene, a small quantity of xylene, and half-a-pound of anthracene for dyeing purposes. According to Roscoe, there are sixteen distinct yellow colours, twelve orange, thirty red, fifteen blue, seven green, and nine violet, besides a number of browns, and an infinite number of blendings of all shades. What a marvellous colour-producer is coal-tar!

Why is it that the colours of a soap-bubble change as the film gradually alters in thickness? Another cause of colour is here involved—that of *interference*. If a stone be thrown into

a smooth pond a circular wave is produced, gradually widening towards the edge of the pond; if a second stone be thrown into the pond, a second wave will be produced, which will influence the first. If the stones be dropped in simultaneously at the same spot, the wave will just be doubled in height; and if the second stone be thrown in exactly a wave-length behind the first, the same effect would be observed. If, however, the second stone be thrown into the water exactly half a wave-length behind the first, the motion of the water will be destroyed. Similarly with light; when light impinges on the soap-bubble, part of it is reflected from the exterior surface, and part enters the film, and is reflected from the interior surface. This latter portion traverses the water medium between the two surfaces twice, and is therefore kept behind the first reflected ray. The two sets of waves interfere with each other, and produce a coloured light instead of a white light. Other waves, again, may destroy each other, and extinguish the light. Some of the constituent colours of the impinging white light—formed by their passage through the film—interfere so as to destroy each other, while others remain unaffected. As the film diminishes in thickness, the colours must necessarily vary. In this way is accounted for the marvellous variety of beauty of colours in the soap-bubble, the iridescence of oil upon water, the changing colour of steel when being tempered, and the gaudiness of some insects' wings.

The beauty of dress depends much upon the harmony of colours. This is affected by a combination of the three primaries, either pure, or in combination with each other. Colours are modified in tone by the proximity of other different colours. By ordinary gas-light blue becomes darker, red brighter, and yellow lighter. By this artificial light a pure yellow appears lighter than white itself when viewed in contrast with certain other colours. In this way highly polished brass is often mistaken for silver. At twilight blue appears much lighter than it is, red much darker, and yellow slightly darker. Colours, too, have the power of influencing the beholder in various ways. We speak of warm colours—like the 'rosy red flushing in the Northern night;' red is then a warm, cheerful, and exciting colour. We speak, too, of cold colours—like the leaden grey of threatening clouds.

The shades of blue have been lately employed to detect the grades of impurity of the air. This sanitary detective is Mr. Aitken's last marvellous discovery. The principle on which the construction of the koniscope is based has been explained before

in our article on Dust.¹ A dust-particle, at a certain temperature and degree of moisture in the air, becomes a free surface to attract the moisture so as to form a fog-particle. When a jet of steam is made to pass through a tube containing dusty air, beautiful colours are observed in the steam. With ordinary condensation the colour varies from a fine green to lovely blue of different depths. The pale blues equal any sky blue, while the deeper blues are finer than the dark blues seen in the sky, having a peculiar softness and fulness of colour. Instead of using steam, he produced a fog by rarifying the air in a closed tube containing air, and all around wet with water. By a stroke of the air pump attached, the air became rarified, the dust-particles seized the moisture in the air and from the sides, and formed fog-particles. The same colours were seen: slight blue with ordinary air, and deeper blue as the air had been impregnated with dust-particles. The tube of the koniscope is graduated by noticing the depth of the blue produced, and counting the number of dust-particles in a cubic inch of the air being examined (by the dust counter). Glasses of graduated depths of blue are then arranged along the side of the tube, with the corresponding number of dust-particles in the cubic inch. When the number of dust-particles in the cubic inch, as ascertained by the dust counter (now very much improved since our paper on Dust appeared), was eight-tenths of a million, the koniscope indicates 'blue just visible;' when one-and-a-quarter millions, 'very pale blue;' when eight millions, 'pale blue;' when twenty-four millions, 'fine blue;' when forty millions, 'deep blue;' and when sixty-four millions, 'very deep blue.' Of course, the eye could detect shades between these, though names cannot be assigned; but glass could be coloured to match. When making a sanitary inspection, any increase in the depth of blue corresponding to the number of dust-particles in common healthy air would indicate the amount of the increase of pollution of the air. By its means—when thoroughly matured—sanitary inspectors can investigate questions of ventilation of rooms lighted with gas, and for other purposes. Mr. Aitken tested a room $24 \times 17 \times 13$ feet. The air round his head gave a very faint blue. Three jets of gas were then lit in the centre of the room. Within thirty-five seconds the colour in the koniscope became a deep blue, owing to the increase of dust-particles by the combustion. In ten minutes there was evidence of the pollution all through the room. In half-an-hour the impurity at

¹ LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, May 1891.

four feet from the ceiling was very great, the colour being deep blue. Strange to say, in the rooms where gas is burning the air near the window is very impure. This impurity is caused by the cold air on the window sinking, and drawing down the polluted air near the ceiling. This remarkable fact was unknown until determined by the koniscope. Though a window supplies pure air when it is open, it therefore does much harm when it is closed, by bringing down the impure air to the region in which we are breathing, instead of allowing it to remain aloft near the ceiling. The great advantage of the instrument is its convenience and simplicity. Wonderful is it that impure air is so easily detected by colour!

One of the greatest difficulties facing scientific men is the photographing of colours. If the fine complexion of a beautiful woman could be transcribed to paper by the limner power of light, what a marvellous step would be gained in the magic art! If the varied colours of a brilliant sunset could be thus fixed, what a help it would be to the painter, and what a pleasure to the connoisseur of colouring! Though that end has not yet been reached, yet recently something has been done to show that what was long considered impossible is now even more than probable. M. Lippman, a member of the Institute of France, has photographed the colours of the solar spectrum. By a peculiar apparatus, which cannot be described here, the colour-waves are fixed as the sound-waves in the phonograph. The tints are correct, and the effect is brilliant. Moreover, the colours are fixed. A little has been done in the fixing of the colours of flowers, by introducing the same sensitive plate in the camera successively with different chemical films on its surface, which are susceptible of attracting particular colour-waves. Yet this shows that colour is not altogether absent from the flower; colour is not wholly in the organism of the observer. Chemical investigators have before them a grand field. If the photography of colours could be patented, an immense fortune would be the result. There would then be quite a revolution in portrait taking and view painting by means of photography. Till then—trustful patience!

The fact of colour-blindness in so many men has been exciting considerable attention. The report issued by the secretary of the Board of Trade on the tests for colour-blindness used in examining the candidates for masters' and mates' certificates of competency, has brought out remarkable results. One in eighty-two was rejected for imperfect colour-sense in the compulsory class

for officers' certificates, and one in sixteen in the voluntary class. Some described black as green, others red as green, pink as green, drab as green. The colour test should be made compulsory for all public servants on sea and land who have so many thousands of lives at the mercy of their eyes in discriminating the colours of signals at night.

Why is it that in the zenith we have in fine clear weather a deep rich blue? Because there is always above us a haze, however fine. The particles in the haze of the heavens correspond with those of the tube in the koniscope, and the blue colour is caused by the light through depth of fine haze. If there was no dust haze above us, the sky would be black, that is, we would be looking into the blackness of limitless space. But through the dust haze the blue light pierces for a considerable distance, and becomes of a deep shade. Sky and sea and earth are all coloured. Gladsome are all animated beings who can appreciate the fine tints and the endless variety of hues. The birds are vain in their gorgeous plumage, and ladies show their taste by their choice of harmonious colours to suit their complexion. Not flash, but harmony of colour, manifests the educated taste and the refined mind. 'Be true to nature and nature will be true to you,' is an order which must be obeyed without dispute, in colour as in all else; who breaks that order will suffer sometime.

J. G. MCPHERSON.

Mrs. McGlory's Niece.

THE Windermere Hotel happened to be very full, and when Mrs. McGlory and her niece entered the dining-room—rather late, it is true, but as soon as they could after their arrival in Chicago—they found no unoccupied table.

‘If you were to go into the café, perhaps,’ suggested a waiter; but Mrs. McGlory said she didn’t want any more running about that day, and the beautiful niece murmured, ‘Oh, I am so tired and hungry!’

Hereupon a handsome but rather stiff-looking young Englishman rose up from a table near, and, pointing to some vacant places at it, said, ‘If you would not object to sit here, madam, there is room.’

‘Well, I call that very kind, Ednorah,’ said Mrs. McGlory, without so much as looking at him. ‘We are in trouble, and he sees it, and does what he can for us. Thank you, sir,’ she said, and seated herself. ‘We, that is my niece and I, accept your offer with much gratitude.’

‘It isn’t everyone,’ continued Mrs. McGlory, ‘who would like to let two total strangers dump themselves down at his table like this; but I am Mrs. McGlory of Baltimore, and this is my niece, Miss Ednorah Stratton, and, like you, sir, I guess we have come here to see the Exposition.’

‘Yes, I have come to see the Exhibition,’ he replied, sticking to the form of the word which he best liked.

‘From England?’

‘From England,’ he answered faintly; but there was no lack of strength in his wish that he had let Mrs. McGlory of Baltimore wait for a vacant table.

‘I have always understood that English people do not like to be asked questions,’ she remarked. ‘Do you like your present location, do you intend to stay long in Chicago, and where do you go next?’

He smiled, and his smile was a pleasant one. His feeling of amusement was conquering his annoyance. He said that he did like his 'location,' but that he was sorry he could not unfold his plans to her, for he had made none that were definite. She was going to be a bore, he could see, but her niece was not; and what a beautiful girl she was! She had not yet spoken, but suddenly she exclaimed, 'Oh, aunt! what can that be?'

'That' was a long, low, wailing sound which conveyed a curious sense of alarm.

'It is the signal which summons the firemen to a fire somewhere in the Exhibition grounds.'

'A fire! a fire! Ednorah, my dear, I hope we have not come all the way here just to be burnt!'

'It will be nothing,' he said.

'Nothing!' exclaimed Mrs. McGlory. 'You are a stranger, and can't know. Why, a fire at Chicago runs over a mile or two in a few minutes—I read the papers, and the accounts are awful! Just awful! You wake up and there's a blaze, and you can neither get downstairs nor out of the window, and just have to be burnt; and next day the papers say the hotel was a flimsy structure, and the flames soon licked it up. I read those very words this very day.'

'You are not going to be licked up now, dear,' said her niece, laying a restraining hand on the arm of the aunt, who, in the words of the north-country ballad, was beginning to 'fettle herself for to go.' 'There is no fire here.'

'There is probably very little fire anywhere,' said the Englishman. 'They often have small fires in the Exhibition. They have fireworks—beautiful fireworks—twice a week, and the rockets sometimes break through the glass roofs and set fire to the muslin that has been stretched beneath the glass to deaden the light. The firemen are prompt—they soon put it out.'

'Fireworks!' exclaimed Ednorah. 'I love fireworks! Are there any to-night?'

'Don't ask me to go if there are,' said Mrs. McGlory, 'for I can't.'

'Of course not, dear,' said Ednorah kindly; and he liked her for it, especially as he saw those bright eyes looking across the road to see if, as she expressed it, 'any of the very tall rockets were visible.' He was half inclined to ask if she would let him escort her; he believed that American girls did do those things, but he was not sure. Presently he said that he thought he would go and take a look at them.

'Oh, aunt, how I wish you could go!' said Ednorah.

You could have a rolling-chair,' he suggested, 'what we call a bath-chair.' But Mrs. McGlory shook her head.

Having gained the use of one more table by his politeness at dinner, the hotel people thought that they might as well do so at breakfast too, and again placed the three together. When it was over, Mr. Boscobel followed Mrs. McGlory and her niece to the verandah.

'I suppose we shall have to go way over there some time to-day,' said Mrs. McGlory, pointing to the Exhibition grounds, which were immediately opposite. Boscobel faintly heard; he was trying to abstract himself for a few minutes from his companions, and to pierce the depths of a sky that was higher and brighter and more deeply blue than any he had ever yet seen. This was not because he was insensible to the pleasure of looking at perhaps the most beautiful girl he had ever met, but because he felt that he must rest his eyes, his mind, and his strained and shattered nerves; for not only was Mrs. McGlory of Baltimore rocking herself vigorously, but her niece was doing the same, and he felt, as well as saw, each rolling vibration, and was maddened by it. He never liked rocking-chairs—that morning he hated them, for the 'Windermere' was noisy, and he had not slept well. The Illinois Central, with its clanging bells, fiercely-panting engines, and wildly-shrieking whistles, had thundered past repeatedly during the night; the discordant bells of the street-cars had jarred on his ears, those of the Intramural had taken up the wondrous tale—he had tossed about on his bed, unable to sleep, and now his nerves were unstrung.

'What are you looking at way up there?' Ednorah said at last.

He was forced to look at her when he answered, and saw the chair's steady motion, and all the peace he had gained from the sky departed. He talked to her for a minute or two without enjoyment and strolled away.

'We must really go to that place over there some time,' repeated Mrs. McGlory.

'Of course we must; but finish your paper first.'

'I haven't a paper; this is an old one, and I have no currency in my pocket.'

'Oh, I'll get you a paper!' said Ednorah, and went to the counter inside. There she found Mr. Boscobel buying a paper too.

'Aren't you coming back to the verandah to read it?' she asked.

He smiled and, by 'the sweet compulsion' of her beauty, went. Mrs. McGlory at once buried herself in the paper Ednorah had given her, and he seemed to bury himself in his, so Miss Ednorah after a while felt dull.

'I am sure you have read all that there is to read, aunt,' she said at last. 'Let us go out.'

'Oh, no; wait just one moment! I am reading something so interesting—so interesting and horrible! Only think, Ednorah, not more than four blocks way there to the right a man has just murdered his wife! First he fired five shots into her form, and then he jumped upon her prostrate body!'

'What's the difference between her form and her body?' asked Ednorah with some vexation, for she had seen that usually impassive Englishman slightly raise his eyelids.

'My dear, I am only giving you the words of the paper.'

'The paper is horrible! All our papers are horrible!' exclaimed Ednorah; and then she wondered why she suddenly found herself so anxious to dissociate herself from the Press of her country, and then she once more looked at the Englishman. She liked him, she thought. She admired him too; he was so good-looking, and his clothes were so well made. But, after all, there was no amusement to be got out of good looks and good clothes—why didn't he talk?

'It must have been about an hour after we got here,' murmured Mrs. McGlory.

'What must have been about an hour after we got here?'

'That he murdered that poor woman.'

'Oh, do put your paper down, dear, and come out! I am dull here—I am dreadfully dull! I might just as well be at a holiness-and-experience meeting as here. Do let us go.' But if she had not added 'You can take your paper with you and read it there,' Mrs. McGlory would not have moved.

An hour later, while strolling about the Fair grounds, Boscobel saw Mrs. McGlory in the verandah of the Pennsylvanian State Building, with another version of the same murder in another newspaper, and another rocking-chair, endowed with a brisker, and noisier, and much more determined action. How she could read was a marvel to him, how she escaped sea-sickness was another; for she was moving up and down all the time with a long, steady roll that reminded him, just a little painfully, of a day when it

had been rough on the *Umbria*. He had been a month in America, and by this time hated the very sight of a rocking-chair. 'I can't, for the life of me, think how those fellows endure it!' he mentally exclaimed, and this being interpreted meant, 'I can't think how any Englishman can marry an American girl! No beauty however great, no fortune however large, would compensate for the perpetual annoyance of a wife who did not even keep still when she was sitting down.' While this thought was passing through his mind, he saw Miss Stratton. She was in the entrance of the building, feasting her eyes on the Liberty Bell. She turned away from it when she saw him, as if she feared that the sight of it might be disagreeable to him.

'I believe that you belong to the Keystone State, and only live in Baltimore! I suspected it when I saw how very much at home your aunt looked in the verandah here.'

'Oh, no! With a newspaper and a rocking-chair, my aunt would sit simmering in contentment in the verandah of any State Building. She ought to see something, though. I will try and get her to go somewhere.'

Suiting the action to the word, she went to her aunt, and entreated her to come and walk.

'Not now. I will to-morrow. I can't now. The lady in the next chair got up a minute ago and left this paper behind her, and I caught sight of something. It is horrible—it is awful; but I must read it! Go and take a walk alone somewhere, and come back in an hour's time, and I will tell you all about it.'

'Let me escort you,' said Mr. Boscobel. 'I will bring you back in an hour.'

'And by that time my aunt will have got hold of another paper with a distressing elopement, or an awful account of the lynching of a negro—'

—'Which will be gracefully described as a neck-tie party.'

'Precisely; but she won't want to move, and will send me away again alone.'

'Alone! I thought you were going to allow me to go with you?'

'Oh, I was forgetting! Yes, I am going with you to the Fisheries. Tell me about the fireworks last night—were they beautiful?'

'Most beautiful! They were on the edge of the lake, and the lake seemed to fling lovely jewels high up into the air, and to let loose flaming serpents and strange glittering water monsters

to play on its surface, and the vast tracts of distance behind looked mysterious and strange, and the buildings were most beautifully lit up. When I try to describe it, it sounds like an ordinary Crystal Palace affair; but the strange lights on the buildings all around would have driven a painter wild with delight. I must honestly own I have never seen anything half so fine anywhere in Europe. Here we are at the Fisheries.'

Mrs. McGlory was stout and indolent, and, though she had come to see the 'Exposition,' she was content with what she had seen already.

'You have seen nothing!' said Ednorah, 'and there is so much to see. You must go somewhere with me every day.'

'I guess I'd better have a rolling-chair then,' said the old lady. So a rolling-chair was engaged; but no sooner was Mrs. McGlory seated in it, than she pulled out one of her beloved papers, and scarcely raised her eyes, except when she wanted to share a horror with her niece, and, after an hour and a half of this, said pitifully, 'A chair of this kind is not half so comfortable to sit in, dear, as a rocking-chair!' After one or two experiences of this kind, Ednorah ceased to urge her aunt to move about.

'You may as well go and see all that there is to see with Mr. Boscobel—I guess you couldn't please him better,' said Mrs. McGlory.

'With him! He is too stiff for me.'

'You will soon take some of his stiffening out.'

'I didn't come here to do hard work,' said Ednorah; but in her heart she liked him very much indeed. He was a riddle to her; was he a little in love with her, or did he disapprove of her at almost every turn? It was tiresome not to know, or did it, perhaps, make life a little more interesting? Why should he disapprove of her? Was she so different from English girls whom he admired? He certainly seized on a great many opportunities of being in her company—for a week now he had spent many hours of every day with her.

'I don't think you have seen the convent,' he said one morning after he had walked with her to the Maryland Building to deposit Mrs. McGlory and her papers.

'Yes, I have been there three times—the iced orange-cider is delicious.'

'I don't mean the Californian Building: I mean a much more beautiful convent—the reproduction of La Rabida.'

'Oh, the place where Columbus went to be comforted when the Spaniards were unkind to him? I have read about that; let us go. Is it far?'

'No, just a pleasant walk; but I am forgetting that you can't walk far—I was thinking of what my sister would do.'

Ednorah was piqued, and said, 'I have no doubt I can do it; at any rate, I will try. Is your sister such a very good walker?'

'She would walk all round the Exhibition twice a day and scarcely know that she had done it.'

'If one is tired, one is tired,' said Ednorah ruefully; 'but take me to La Rabida.'

They followed the course of the Intramural for some time, and then made for the broad walk by the lake. Waves were dashing up, and the air was as invigorating as if the lake had been the great salt sea that it looked.

'It seems such a pity that this lovely little convent will have to be pulled down,' he said, when they were at last near it. But she did not answer, and she looked very pale. There was a seat within a few yards of them, and he made her sit down. 'I ought to have seen that you were tired; I am so ashamed of myself.'

'I shall be all right in a minute.'

'It is an admirable reproduction,' he said. 'Look! there are even the pot-herbs in the monks' garden. Poor fellows! there are mighty few—that convent sadly needs a "Brother Lawrence,"' and having said this he regretted it, for it was not likely that she knew that poem. She did not, and that was why she was silent, he thought. But in a minute or so she said, 'Browning knew how to describe a good hater; I always—— Oh, I know what you are doing!' she exclaimed, interrupting herself. 'You are looking to see if my shoes are tight! You think that it must be something of that kind that makes me look all fagged out.'

He coloured slightly, for that was precisely what he had been doing.

'No; my footwear, as the shops call it, is not accountable. I am not a good walker, that's all; but I must go into that dear little convent, and you must take me over the Santissima Maria.'

'And then, if you will allow me, I will get you a rolling-chair. I don't think you object to them, for I have seen you in one.'

'Thank you; but there is a particular chair—that is, a

particular chairman whom I rather like. We passed the place where he is to be found ; it is by the "Manufactures."

He was silent for a while ; he wanted her to rest. Pale though she was, she looked lovely in her little white frock, all frothed over with white lace—lovely, but pathetic. It seemed as if she were feeling a certain shame in being obliged to let him see how tired she was, and he pitied her and loved her, and wished that he could have the right to take care of her. She was in many ways a girl after his own heart. She was so kind to that terrible old aunt, so frank in her dealings with himself, so intimate, and yet so reserved ; and he had been unkind to her about her walking—he had made her feel that for her own credit's sake she must make her way to this convent on foot, and the exertion had been too much for her.

'I can't bear to see you look so tired ! I blame myself entirely for it. If you will stay here I will go and get your chair, and then if you will do what my sister would do under the circumstances, you will be all right.'

'What would your sister do ?'

'She would let me get her a glass of lager beer and a biscuit.'

'Oh, no !' she said, with a gesture of repugnance. 'I have heard that English girls do that sometimes.'

Was this little American girl indulging in a bad opinion of that exalted lady, his sister ?

'Tell me more about your sister.'

Did she want more detrimental facts ?

'I don't know what to tell you, except that she will soon be here.'

Ednorah hung her head, and he loved her more than ever. He fancied that she was afraid that his sister would come between them and disturb their quiet walks and talks.

'I want you to like my sister !' he exclaimed, for him very impetuously.

'Why ?' she asked.

'Because—because I want you to like me. I want you to like me very much indeed ; and if you could be persuaded to do that, it would be very distressing if you did not like her too.'

Ednorah had had many offers of marriage, and saw that one was coming. 'You didn't mean to say that to me ?' she said.

'Oh, yes, I did.'

'You didn't mean to say it to-day, and I would much rather you didn't.'

'But I have said it, and——'

'Don't say any more. I don't think I am quite well, and—and—well, for many reasons I would rather you said no more.'

'To-day, you mean. You don't want to silence me altogether? May I speak to you to-morrow?'

She shook her head.

'This day week?'

'Too soon.'

'This day fortnight?'

'Perhaps.'

'But I may see you?'

'Yes, as usual.'

'And you will give me no clue as to what your answer will be?'

'I have no clue myself.'

But he hoped she had, for there was a touch of gentle tenderness in her manner, and she seemed to have a quiet pleasure in adopting any suggestion he made for her comfort.

When they re-entered the 'Windermere' a telegram was put into his hand. 'I am to meet my father and sister at Niagara, and come back here with them by the water-way,' he said.

For a week Ednorah was thrown on her own resources, and at first she felt cheerless. Then she began to practise the art of walking. When that sister whom she instinctively dreaded came, she would, if possible, not be found wanting. Nevertheless, she was often glad to rest in the chair of the 'man she rather liked.' 'To the Fisheries' she said on one of these occasions, and the man—he was young, handsome, and looked quite a gentleman in his pretty blue-grey uniform—echoed, as if regretfully, 'To the Fisheries.'

'Don't you like to be taken there?' she asked; for she was only going to pay a sentimental visit to the first place which she had seen with Mr. Boscobel.

'Oh, yes; but I keep longing to hear people say "To the Machinery Hall," or the "Transportation Building," or the "Mining," or the "Power House," but very few care for them.'

'And you care?'

'I came here for their sake. I am an engineering student at Lehigh. There are a great many from that university here—poor fellows like me, who don't mind doing some work during

the vacation in order to have a chance of seeing what other countries have invented.'

'What a good idea! What put it into your head?'

'An advertisement addressed to the students of American universities, offering them the post;' and then he smilingly added, 'And there was a leader recommending them to profit by the opportunity, and assuring them that "trundling people about is not derogatory to self-respect and good breeding."'

'Of course it isn't! Nothing can be derogatory that is done from honourable motives. But does it pay?'

'It pays my expenses. They give me seventy-five cents a day and a percentage on what I earn.'

'But you don't see much of the machines. Let us go now.'

'Not if you prefer something else.'

'I don't; and I shall like to think that I am pleasing you.'

'And helping me, too,' he added gratefully. So they went to the 'Manufactures,' and before the day was over they were great friends.

'Be here at ten to-morrow,' she said when she left him, 'and we will go there again. With you to explain these wonderful machines, they are more interesting than anything else.'

After a week of this, one day on Ednorah's return Mrs. McGlory exclaimed, 'Mr. Boscobel has come back and brought his father and sister, and what do you think? His father is a lord!'

Ednorah felt indignant. Had he concealed that fact lest it should unsettle her reason? He had said that he was an only son. 'Aunt!' she exclaimed impetuously, 'let us not seem at all impressed by their titles.'

'Who can possibly help it?'

'I can. What is the sister like?'

'She is stuck up, tall, solidly set on her feet, and very sure that she has nothing to learn from any one.'

'In-deed!' was all that Ednorah said, and it boded ill.

'You have come back!' she said when she saw Mr. Boscobel.

'I should have done that next day had I been able.'

'You have enjoyed yourself, I hope?'

'How could I?'

His words softened her towards his sister, and she tried to be pleasant to her at dinner; but it was not easy, for Miss Boscobel had a way of using unoccupied moments in looking quietly amazed at Mrs. McGlory's looks and words and ways. Lord

Mablethorpe was courteous but reserved, and, not knowing that this was his usual demeanour, Ednorah thought that he had made up his mind to treat her aunt and herself with patience, as some of the less pleasing incidents of travel.

He carried his son seven miles off next morning to the business quarter to change circular notes, but before going Mr. Boscobel begged Ednorah to let his sister walk with her.

'What a lot these creatures charge for letting you see their Exhibition!' observed Miss Boscobel, when 'bang went' fifty cents at the gate.

'A lot!' Ednorah wondered whether this was upper-circle English. Ayscough (the chair-man) was waiting for her at the entrance. 'This is my chair,' she explained to Miss Boscobel; 'but you won't want to go in a chair.'

'No! Thank God, I have the use of my legs!'

Had Mr. Boscobel told this girl his wishes with respect to Ednorah herself, and was she resolved to show that hers were opposed to them? Ednorah conquered a strong desire to answer her in her own kind, and said to Ayscough, 'Then will you kindly take Mrs. McGlory to the Pennsylvanian Building?—I shall walk to-day.'

'If you have engaged the man, and have to pay him anyhow, why not use that chair?' exclaimed Miss Boscobel; 'my brother told me you had no legs.'

'After you have taken my aunt,' said Ednorah, 'will you follow us—I may have to ask you to wheel me?'

'You pay him, I fancy—you seem to——'

'He will hear you,' whispered Ednorah; 'I pay him, but he is a gentleman.'

Miss Boscobel stared, but said no more. She looked around, and not ungraciously. They passed the dignified Art Gallery and the lovely grey Massachusetts Building, and then she said, 'Everything is surprisingly pretty and free from vulgarity. It really is, and everything is well kept and clean. You have no idea what descriptions the English papers gave of the dirt that was to be seen here! The people look quite respectable and well behaved!'

'Did you expect to meet scalping parties?' Ednorah asked contemptuously; and then she remembered whose sister that woman was, and said something conciliatory.

'We have a great many American women in London,' observed Miss Boscobel. 'They are very fond of marrying our noblemen.'

'Your noblemen must be as fond of marrying them, or they could not do it.'

'Poor noblemen are. American girls are often rich.'

'Is there never any love in it?'

Miss Boscobel shrugged her shoulders. 'Possibly—who can say? The girls are handsome and rich, and the young men are over here, and not seeing girls of the other kind.'

'What other kind?' asked Ednorah indignantly.

'Oh, English, of course!'

'One scarcely ever sees American men bringing English wives over here,' said Ednorah, with an idea that she was putting her companion down.

'They would not come! That's why.'

'I don't think that we are enjoying this conversation,' said Ednorah, with more dignity than she had supposed herself to be possessed of. 'Shall we go inside one of the buildings?'

'I want to see the Fisheries.'

'Oh, not the Fisheries!' That building had associations for Ednorah which she did not wish to disturb.

'Then take me to the Merchant Tailors'; I want to see what kind of riding-habits women wear here. I am afraid you are vexed with me for what I said about Englishmen marrying Americans. Don't be vexed. I should not at all object to Harold's marrying one if she had her proper outfit of a million. He could marry no one—English or American—who hadn't. He is not rich, and couldn't afford to marry a pauper.'

Ednorah pretended not to hear; but was delighted, for he had practically asked her to marry him, and had never seemed to care whether she had money or not. 'This is the Merchant Tailors,' she said. They opened the door and were startled, for they found themselves the sole occupants of a hall filled with figures in well-made costumes of all kinds, but scarcely one of them had a head.

'Sie haben alle keinen Kopf,
Der Königin selbst manquiret
Der Kopf, und Ihro Majestät
Ist deshalb nicht frisiret,'

said Ednorah, more to herself than to Miss Boscobel.

'But you know German!' she exclaimed in amazement. Her astonishment was so evident that Ednorah thought 'Mon âne parle,' but said 'You know what that comes from?'

'Not I.'

'Then you need not——' Ednorah began indignantly, but she ended humbly with 'Heine's *Marie Antoinette*. This place made me think of it.'

'Let us go out. It is ghost-like here.'

Ednorah's chair-man was at the door. She waved her hand as a sign that he was to follow her.

'Oh, get into your chair; I can see you are tired, and I want to go on to the Horticultural. You have to pay anyhow, so use it.'

'Well, did you make out all right this morning, Miss Boscobel?' Mrs. McGlory asked at luncheon.

'I am afraid I don't know what you mean,' she answered unpleasantly.

'Mrs. McGlory is asking if you enjoyed yourself, my dear,' said Lord Mablethorpe severely, 'and I am sure you did.'

'Oh yes, I enjoyed myself,' she said carelessly, and without looking up.

'You don't seem much enthused—it was an elegant day too,' continued the old lady.

'A fine day—yes, it was fine.'

'And I am sure that, under Miss Stratton's guidance, you saw a great deal,' said her father. 'Let us hear about it. What struck you most?'

'The astonishing absence of vulgarity—I ex——'

'Had you much difficulty in escaping from the water-carts?' interrupted her brother. 'They chase one about most unmercifully.'

'That's just one of the things that I don't like,' said Mrs. McGlory. 'I am never so happy as when I am quietly seated in my rocking-chair.'

'There's mighty little quietness about a rocking-chair! You may be able to read, but I am sure that none of your neighbours can,' said Miss Boscobel viciously.

'I read to them. Oh, Mr. Boscobel, have you heard about it? There has been another most exciting "hold-up." It was last night, close by Washington Park.'

'Do tell me what a "hold-up" is?' asked Lord Mablethorpe.

'A "hold-up," my dear lordship, is when a thief pounces on a gentleman and makes him hold up his arms while his pockets are being emptied.'

'But there is more holding up than that,' said Mr. Boscobel.

'Doesn't one man hold up a revolver to the victim's head while he holds up his arms and a third man clears his pockets?'

'That's so,' said Mrs. McGlory. 'I shouldn't like such a thing done to me, but I love to read about it. I'll lend you the paper, Miss Boscobel, if you like.'

'Thank you, very much; but the less I hear of such things the better I like it,' said Miss Boscobel, gazing at Mrs. McGlory with contempt.

Ednorah looked indignant, and her expression changed at once.

'And now, my dear lordship, you know what a "hold-up" is,' said Mrs. McGlory, in absolute unconsciousness.

'Will you kindly lend me the paper that you offered my daughter?' he said.

Ednorah had risen and was taking Mrs. McGlory away. She understood that he was trying to atone for his daughter's rudeness. She heard Miss Boscobel say to her brother, 'I can't help it, Harold. I never expected to be set down to eat with such a howling cad of a woman as that!' and with those words in her ears she left the room.

At dinner the Boscobels found themselves alone, and the waiter informed them that Mrs. McGlory was not well, and was dining with her niece in her own sitting-room.

Mr. Boscobel did not enjoy his dinner—he did not enjoy his breakfast either, and for the same reason. He had written to Miss Stratton, but had as yet received no answer. He knocked at their sitting-room door to ask Ednorah to let him take her somewhere. She had gone out with her aunt already. He had to go with his sister instead. When they passed the Pennsylvania Building Mrs. McGlory was in her usual place. He ran up the steps to ask if she was better and where her niece was.

'She has gone away somewhere in her chair.'

'If she is with that chair-man,' said Miss Boscobel, 'she won't want you! She is not our sort of girl, dear; don't bother about her any more.'

'There she is!' said Miss Boscobel an hour later. 'There is the girl you are so silly as to be in love with, talking to a common bath-chair man! Look at her—now she is really in her element! I am glad she has shown what she is before you have offered to her.'

'I offered to her a week ago.'

'You would marry her! Come and stand where I am standing, and you will see her.'

He moved a little, and saw Ednorah standing by the model of

the *Victoria* with the young chair-man. He seemed to be explaining its construction, and she was eagerly listening.

'I shall go to her,' said Boscobel.

'How cruel to spoil her pleasure!'

He stopped short and stayed with his sister; but there was a fatality about it. On three other occasions that morning he saw this young man in the blue livery talking to Ednorah.

'Give her up, dear,' said his sister. 'Surely, you must see how unsuited she is to you.'

But he silenced her at once. Not till five o'clock in the day was he able to see Ednorah. Then, just as he was leaving the grounds, she was standing outside near the gate.

'I have been eight-and-twenty hours without a word from you,' he said.

She looked troubled and as if she could find no words to say.

'I have been wretched!'

'I can't help it,' she answered sadly.

'Is it all because of my sister? I wrote to you. My father likes you; you can see that he does. My father's son loves you! My sister will be so different when she knows you as I do. Forgive her. She has certain ideas and prejudices.'

'And shows them. For one thing, she does not like to see me talking to the chair-man—Mr. Ayscough, I mean. She almost scowled at me this afternoon; but it is of no consequence,' she added drearily.

'To tell you the honest truth, I don't like to see you talking so much to him, either.'

'He is as good as I am. You English people would say that he was better. My father had a store. It was a large one, but he had it. Mr. Ayscough's father was an officer. He was one of the *Loyal Legion*. That's something, I can tell you. His grandfather——'

'Oh, never mind them all. Don't let us waste time on them. I haven't seen you for so long, and want to put everything right.'

'You can't! I must never do what you seemed to want me to do. Never! I can see how everything would be if I did, by your sister. I might perhaps adapt myself to English ways a little, but my poor aunt never could. She is much too old to change. I should see——'

'But Mrs. McGlory would not come to England?' He was very much taken aback by this.

'Of course she would if I did! She was my mother's only

sister. She and I haven't a relation in the world but each other. How could we be parted? Would you like me if I could go away to another quarter of the globe and leave her?'

He hesitated. 'I don't know. I only know I love you.'

'Would you take my aunt to live with you?'

'I have not thought.'

'Then don't think, for I am not coming! You might say that you would take her; but these days with your sister have taught me much, and I will not enter any family in which my aunt and most likely I myself, would be ridiculed.'

'Never! You——'

'Hush! Say no more. Good-bye! I am afraid I am just a little in love with you. I shall get over it though, somehow. I must.'

'Dear, darling Ednorah, no! Love me! Love me more and more, as I love you. Never will I be parted from you! I will not ask you to leave your aunt. She and I have always got on, and we always shall.'

She shook her head. 'I should do wrong! It would not be for the happiness of any one of us. Say you forgive me, but I must be firm. Good-bye.'

'I tell you I love you, and want you with me always.'

'That can never be!' she said. 'No, never!' And she suddenly darted away, and ran up the steps into the hotel. He followed her; but Lord Mablethorpe was in the entrance and stopped him. Then he had to go to the office to help his father to understand something that the clerk had told him, and then he went and wrote a note containing an urgent entreaty for an interview.

'She's gone!' said the bell-boy, to whom he gave it twenty minutes later. 'The carriage that was to take them away was at the door there when she ran across the road to say good-bye to you.'

He remembered now that she had said 'Good-bye.' 'Where has she gone?'

'Home, I believe.'

'To Baltimore,' he thought; 'I shall follow her at once.' He ran upstairs to make some slight preparation, then he went to his sister.

'You need not scold me,' she said; 'I am quite as vexed as you can be!'

'What do you mean?'

'Their maid has just been talking to my maid, Bradley, and

it seems they are both rolling in money. They have given Bradley fifty dollars for helping their maid to pack and get them away quickly, and old Mrs. McGlory has sent that chair-man a thousand, and it turns out that they have millions. Ednorah's mother had five millions—millions of dollars, of course—and the old woman has the same sum, and no one to leave it to but Ednorah, and an heiress of that kind is just what we want in our family! That money would have paid off all our mortgages—that money would have done everything for us—and Ednorah *was* in love with you!’

‘And you called her aunt a “howling cad”’ was what he said; ‘and are one yourself’ was what he thought.

‘Put it on me! Put it on me! I could cry my eyes out as it is. You will surely do something?’

‘I was going to-night—I scarcely like now.’

‘Nonsense!’

‘Ednorah is a lady—I doubt if she will consent to marry into this family.’

‘I will make any apology you like.’

‘Nothing that you can say will help me—nothing will help me.’

Nothing did help him. She firmly refused to make three people unhappy.

He returned to England, and hunted, and fished, and shot, and read his papers when not too tired—if an American paper came in his way he was never too tired—and not long ago he read: ‘June is at the top notch as a propitious time for marriage, and when next June comes the son of one of the officers who most distinguished himself in the war of the Rebellion will marry one of the most beautiful young millionairesses in America. Mr. Ayscough was one of the many Lehigh students who accepted the office of rolling-chair man at the “Fair,” in order to study its marvellous exhibits. He was there engaged by Miss Stratton, and has now in turn engaged her. Last evening, at a magnificent ball at Mrs. McGlory’s, at which an unusual number of millions of dollars was represented, the happy young man once more wheeled the lovely Ednorah around, but this time it was in the giddy circles of the waltz. The supper-table was done in green and white lilies, and small palms were conspicuous in the colour scheme. The bride-expectant wore a very beautiful imported gown.’

MARGARET HUNT.

Dean Stanley of Westminster.¹

‘**Y**OU could not make Stanley a Bishop: he writes such an abominable hand.’ And indeed when in departed years the not infrequent letter came from him, one could but go over it repeatedly and write above each word what perhaps it meant. Then gradually the sense appeared. Little things, we know, may keep a great man back from what he would like: and in the latter years Stanley would have liked to be a Bishop. Doubtless that illegible manuscript came nearer to the question of his fitness for the great office than his incapacity to put on his clothes, the way he cut himself in shaving, the unconsciousness whether he had taken his necessary food, and the awful confusion in which he kept his bedroom. But there were other reasons, as everybody could see. Outsiders naturally think that the greatest men in the Anglican Church should fill its highest places: forgetting that these are places of special and very exceptional work, for which men so illustrious as Dean Church, as Stanley, as Liddon, are far less fitted than others who must be placed a thousand miles below them.

I heard the words: they were said only to myself. I looked at the stern face, which was gazing right on. We were walking, pretty fast, round and round the cloister of St. George’s Chapel in Windsor Castle: for an hour exactly, on that day of drenching rain. The speaker was the Great Duke’s nephew, Dean Wellesley of Windsor: who knew very many strange things, and (now and then) spoke out with a startling freedom. If I durst but record what I have heard that remarkable man say, how these pages would be read! Yes, and how fiercely what

¹ *The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., late Dean of Westminster.* By Rowland E. Prothero, M.A., Barrister-at-law, late Fellow of All Souls’ College, Oxford. With the co-operation and sanction of the Very Rev. G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. In Two Volumes, London: John Murray, 1893.

might be written here would be contradicted by divers cautious and subservient souls: who would contradict it precisely because they knew it true to the letter and the spirit: not to add the fact.

I am not to begin my account of Dean Stanley's Life, and of his Biography, by any attempt at an estimate of his character, and of the actual work he did in this world. Many have already essayed to do all this: and, so far as concerns the facts, I do not much disagree with what I have seen said by anybody. Stanley's character was easily read: its lines were very marked: and the man was transparent sincerity. You might like him and approve him or not: it was easy to understand him. He awakened the keenest possible likes and dislikes. You might think his work in the main a good work: you might think it mischievous and soul-destroying. Thirty years since, when I had said something in his praise, a very stupid and illiterate Scotch parson said to me, 'Dean Stanley! He's a pickpocket. He gets his stipend under false pretences.' A very hidebound and narrow soul once refused to meet him in this house, because he was 'a Latitudinarian.' The religious paper called *Christian Charity* stated that Stanley's teaching led directly to INFIDELITY: so was the word printed, for emphasis sake. Keble and Pusey, saintly and sincere, refused to preach in Westminster Abbey when he was there: thus 'coming out and being separate.' The lovable Liddon declined at first: but thought better of it and did preach: of course admirably. The well-meaning Lord Shaftesbury was 'alarmed' when Bishop Tait made Stanley one of his chaplains: 'The Bishop knows not the gulf he is opening for himself.' When Temple was made Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Pusey averred that he had 'participated in the ruin of countless souls.' It may be hoped that the good man was mistaken. Who now has a word to say against the decorous and excellent Bishop Temple of London? All this is merely the way in which theologians express themselves. It was even as my dear old Professor of Divinity, Dr. Hill of Glasgow, lecturing to his students, briefly made an end of a great movement by saying, 'those pestilent publications, the Tracts for the Times.' And it mattered just as much when the saintly Dr. Muir of Edinburgh declared in my hearing at least fifteen times, that to kneel at prayers and stand at praise in the Kirk was of the instigation of the Devil. Long ago, when John Knox in this city spoke of 'the Trewth,' he meant his own opinions. And when he spoke of the Popish devils, he meant people who did not agree with him. All

these things are outgrown. Had we lived then, and held strong convictions, we should have spoken even so.

In this room where I write, when I look up from my table I see the eager little figure with the sweet refined earnest face standing before the bright fire which to him was life, and visibly expanding in its warmth. When I close my eyes, I hear the voice flowing on and on, a very torrent of eager speech : uttered where he was sure of sympathy, if not of entire agreement. Tulloch's grand presence is by, and his silent attention. The lovable Hugh Pearson sits in that chair which I can touch : it was always *Arthur* and *Hugh*. In writing, it was H. P. I look at these shelves, still here as when he saw them : I behold Stanley eagerly going along one side of the chamber, and saying with great rapidity 'I could begin at one end of these shelves and read on to the other.' Till of a sudden, 'No : I stop here : I could not read this.' It was a volume of sermons by Guthrie : to whom, strange to say, he never did justice. And indeed on a September Sunday in Edinburgh in 1862, he 'heard' two preachers, one Guthrie and the other not : and strongly expressed his preference of the one who in popularity was pretty nearly nowhere in the general estimation. Hugh Pearson was with him all that day : it was that evening that Stanley, in absence of mind, seized up a piece of buttered toast in his fingers and handed it to Pearson, who received it after a moment's hesitation. It is not from these volumes that the living eager Stanley looks out : but from one's own remembrance of words and looks, greatening and brightening upon one since I took up the pen. One's eyes are dimmed : thinking of the little vanished hand : thinking of the pleasant voice that is still : seeing the beautiful refined face : discerning, plainly as when present, the worn little figure standing in front of that fire, turning from side to side, and pouring out a stream of speech which was entrancing ; and sometimes quite incisive enough. Stanley was a lovable saint : but there was nothing of the sheepish about him. He could defend himself. And he could stand up bravely for any one whom he held to be oppressed and persecuted.

One remembered Froude's saying, sometimes : that Stanley could be tremendously provoking. Provoking in the same way in which Newman was : just one sharp sentence in a long discourse which pierced somebody to the quick, which reached him where he felt most keenly. It was so in that farewell sermon, when he left Oxford for Westminster. It was in Christchurch Cathedral :

he chose the place. He had long been silenced as a preacher in Oxford so far as that might be. And now he quoted to divers of those outstanding men who ruled the great university the words of Chalmers concerning it: 'You have the finest machinery in the world, and you don't know how to use it.' It was distinctly presumptuous in Chalmers to say so; an outsider, speaking in great ignorance. It was extremely irritating when Stanley repeated it. I vividly recall another occasion, over many years. Dr. Lees of St. Giles' at Edinburgh and I had dined at the Deanery on a Sunday, before a great evening service in the Nave at which Stanley was to preach. The long procession entered in all due state: the Choir first, then many clergy: and amid that surpliced train, walked side by side, unvested, the two ministers of the Scottish Kirk. We sat in the line with divers Canons, on chairs arranged in order. I remember yet how the fine old man next me shrank away as from pollution. Had I been a Canon, I should have done exactly the same. To him, after the training of his life, it was even as it would be to me if a Muggletonian, incapable of spelling, were set to preach in the parish church of St. Andrews. Which indeed may quite possibly be after I am gone. But as Stanley told me he once said to John Bright when the great Tribune developed his views as to what was to come of the Church of England,—said with extreme rapidity,—'I hope I may be dead and buried before that comes.' The view developed was as to the actual method of disestablishment. All the parish churches were to be put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder. Then Stanley added, with a ghastly look, 'Think of Westminster Abbey being sold by auction!' Two suggestions were made, neither of which pleased him. One, that the Ancient Church would move heaven and earth to get it. Another, that it might be carried away stone by stone and set up again beyond the Atlantic. The serious conclusion was that a national building like the great Abbey would never be sold, but might be mediatised: remain as a grand monument, attached to no religious 'body.' As for the parish churches, here for once Liddon felt even as did Stanley. I see the solemn expression with which Liddon said, walking in the still October sunshine amid great trees yet green, 'I don't see how the visible continuity of the Church of England could be maintained if she were stripped of the fabrics.' And indeed whatever Communion possessed the Cathedrals and the parish churches would be in the vulgar estimate the Church of England. I do not know whether or not a most illustrious

statesman is of the same mind still concerning that proposed spoliation, as when he said to Liddon in the most fervid tones, 'I would fight with my hands to prevent *that*!'

Considering how small a place St. Andrews is, it is wonderful how much has of late been written about it. The latest volume is Mr. Andrew Lang's. It had to be bright and charming, coming from that pen: but not every one will quite take in how much vital, weighty, and important truth is given there in the liveliest fashion, on pages which sparkle and effervesce. But it is good both for places and for persons to meet the occasional taking-down. And St. Andrews is taken-down in these volumes. No doubt we need it. A very friendly and able writer, essentially a Londoner, in a most kind review of the present writer, deemed it necessary to admonish him that the death of the greatly-beloved Principal Tulloch did not eclipse the gaiety of nations: and that the world got on perfectly well without the sweet smile of Principal Shairp. I knew it before: knew it perfectly: but those losses made a terrible difference here. Now Dean Stanley was so much to St. Andrews, 'my own St. Andrews,' that it is trying to find how very little St. Andrews was to him. The words come back, 'our own University of St. Andrews': and indeed he was Lord Rector when he said them: 'I never can work so well as at St. Andrews: there is something here which is not at Westminster, which is not at Oxford.' It is not that there was anything but absolute sincerity in such sayings, and many more: 'I have got into St. Mary's College, and I am happy:' when housed under Tulloch's roof. It is that the intense sympathy which made him at home here, made him equally at home in fifty other places. We could not expect to keep to ourselves the man who knew so many historic cities, so many famous men. And the Kremlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Avignon, Nuremberg, were more by far than our wind-swept ruins. It pleased him to sit in the General Assembly: but it had pleased him incomparably more could he have been at Rome when the Conclave elected a Pope. One never forgets 'There's nothing in the world so interests me as an ecclesiastical curiosity.' Some of us here he regarded as approaching to being ecclesiastical curiosities. And when he first preached in the parish-church here, a brilliant London periodical had the philosophy of the case ready. 'Dean Stanley, being tired of the Abbey, is rushing about seeking all sorts of queer pulpits to preach from.'

Or is it that the authors of these excellent volumes know little

or nothing of Scotland : and care even less ? I cannot but think that if Stanley had written his autobiography, Scotland would have *bulked larger* : if one may use a horrible church-court phrase, in which, and the like of which, Stanley delighted. He held them as wonderful instances of extreme degradation of the language : and having got a list of them from Shairp and myself (Tulloch cautioning us not to give it) he poured them out when presiding at the dinner of the Literary Fund. The biography is a piece of most faithful work : the man is truly represented here, even to foibles which we never thought foibles. We can remember nothing but good of him. All that is said in these two volumes is right, is fair, is laboriously accurate. But it must be said : The man does not live and move, hurry about and eagerly talk, start up from his breakfast and forget he has eaten nothing : quite as it used to be. I know what the dignity of such a biography demands : I bow to the better judgment of Mr. Prothero and Dean Bradley : no writer could be more competent than either : and the pen is always restrained by a good taste which never for a moment fails. But still, I look back : I see things through a mist of tears. I walk in these streets, on the Links, beside the weary, bent, slight little figure : Bishop Ryle of Liverpool is just the same age, and they entered Oxford the same day : Would that Stanley could have been given the like stalwart frame ! I see him, just in from a four-miles round on the 'green,' having promised to lie down and rest before dinner where much talking must be, laid hold of by certain devout women, and feebly starting to go out a bit again, looking sadly bent and shaky : it was near the end. I hear the voice, as he looked from the 'Ladies' Links' on the green waves of the famous Bay tumbling in on the sandy beach, 'Ah, Westminster is very good, but there's nothing like this there !' And a Scot likes not to read of 'the Rev. James Caird,' as the great preacher of a preaching Church and country for the last forty years. We call him the Very Rev. John Caird, D.D., LL.D., Principal of the great University of Glasgow. I see Stanley told that we heard much of Bishop Magee of Peterborough as a pulpit orator : reminded that he had listened to both Caird and Magee at their best : asked how he would place them. I hear the answer, given without hesitation and with extreme fervour : 'Caird first : and the Bishop second, *longo intervallo*.' Then, preaching for Hugh Pearson in the charming church of Sonning, when the organ was under repair. Service over, H. P. regretted that the

music was not so good as usual, there being no organ. Then the great Dean, passing by the pipeless case, 'Bless me! Neither there is. I had never remarked it.' It was driving from Twyford to Sonning Vicarage that Stanley met what greatly pleased him. He was just married. Lady Augusta and her maid were inside the fly, and Stanley had climbed to the box beside the driver. 'I see you have got Lady Augusta Bruce inside,' said the friendly Jehu: 'I used to be at Windsor, and knew about her there.' Said the Dean, 'Not Lady Augusta Bruce now: Lady Augusta Stanley. She's my wife.' To which the driver replied, with unsimulated heartiness, 'Then, sir, I wish you joy. You have got about the best woman in the world.' It may here be recorded that the pulpit whence Stanley had descended on that day without an organ, drew forth one austere remark from Bishop Blomfield of London. 'So you have got a stone pulpit,' he said to Pearson. 'I don't like it. I prefer a wooden pulpit. In most cases, it is much liker the preacher.'

I have seen many photographs of Stanley, but that at the beginning of the Biography is quite the worst I ever saw. It is singularly unfortunate. It gives the idea of a much larger man. And it has a fixed, stony look which is far indeed from the mobile, ever-changing face we knew. Of course, the features are there: but a stranger would never guess how refined, how small they were. I have seen Stanley, for a minute or two, look like that: two or three times of the hundreds in which I have watched him intently. Not in the pulpit of the Abbey did he look so grave. Once, perhaps, sitting before a great fire in the vestry of the parish-church before going to preach, I saw that look, and thought it strange. But even then, the face was half the size which is here suggested.

'I should have been a dull, heavy, stupid son of a Cheshire squire, one of a sluggish race, but that my grandfather married a clever lively Welshwoman:' we have heard these words more than twice or thrice. When Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born on December 13, 1815, his father, afterwards known as Bishop of Norwich, was Rector of Alderley: son of Sir John Thomas Stanley, who in 1839 became the first Lord Stanley of Alderley. The biography tells us that the future Dean was christened Arthur, 'mainly, doubtless, in honour of the hero of Waterloo, whose name was at that time on all men's lips: partly, perhaps, like the first-born of the first Tudor King, in memory of his Welsh ancestry.' But this is a bit of imaginative history: some here know better

than that. In this house, I have heard him say to a little boy, 'If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?' There was but the one reason known to himself. In September 1824 he was sent to a preparatory school at Seaforth, a quiet hamlet on the Mersey, taught by Mr. Rawson the parish-clergyman. He was bright and clever: but he could not learn arithmetic. The biographer does not know, what I have heard Stanley say, that Mr. Rawson declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless: being unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication. But while Stanley remained unchanged to the end, the other boy was to develop a mastery of arithmetic altogether phenomenal. He was to be the great Finance Minister of after years, Mr. Gladstone: the Chancellor of the Exchequer who could make a Budget speech enchainng. The future Premier was a good deal Stanley's senior, but they met. The boy's judgment is, 'He is so very good-natured, and I like him very much.' Stanley had no ear for music; and no sense of smell. This latter implies the almost utter absence of the sense of taste. I see and hear him at Tulloch's dinner-table, when some mention was made (by one ignorant of the facts) of a great man who lacked power of smelling, vehemently tapping his nose, and exclaiming, '*Here, here!*' He told how once in his life, driving through a fragrant pinewood in the Alps after a shower, he had what he supposed must be the sense of smell for just half an hour: 'It made the world like Paradise.' And indeed, any who were allowed to penetrate into retired nooks in the Deanery in departed days, were well assured that its master had not that sense. If he had possessed it, the sanitary arrangements would have been seen to, and the Dean would not have died when and how he did. It is terrible to think that the beautiful little face was not recognisable when it was hidden for ever. Hugh Pearson was not allowed to see it. Not that it mattered. As Samuel Rutherford said, dying, 'Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.' And the old friends have long since met *There*.

When at Seaforth, the boy was taken to a three hours' missionary meeting at Liverpool, hard by. At the end of it 'I felt rather sick, and had to go out.' I thought of the day on which I went with him to hear a Privy Council judgment. We were in what he called 'the dress circle:' but after an hour of Lord Chancellor Cairns: 'I can't stand any more of this: Come away.' It was pleasant, going from the Deanery to Downing Street, to see

all the cabmen, and a host of others, take off their hats to him. And thus early in the boy's life began those travels which to the last were such a delight and rest. Well I remember, going away from St. Andrews, the last words in the railway carriage, 'Traveling tires one in body, but it is such an unspeakable refreshment of mind.' But he went on, to a friend who was going abroad, 'I don't care a bit for snowy Alps: give me a historic German city!'

All the world may rejoice that he went to Rugby: not to Eton as the young Gladstone advised. On the last day of January 1829 he entered the school he was to make famous. And though Arnold was a great and good man, there can be no doubt who made him a hero to all who read the English tongue. 'I certainly should not have taken him for a Doctor. He was very pleasant and did not look old.' Stanley rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence: always excepting his 'sums.' With transparent delight he gained prize after prize. But he had no capacity for games. Still his great talents, and his entire amiability, secured him respect: 'prevented all annoyance.'

When after reciting his beautiful prize poem, *Charles Martel*, he returned from Arnold's chair so loaded with prize books that he could hardly carry them, his face radiant, yet so exquisitely modest, and free from all conceit, that we outsiders all rejoiced at 'little Stanley's successes.'

Then he was elected a scholar of Balliol. And Arnold told the boys that Stanley had not only got everything he could at Rugby, but had already gained high honour for the school at the University. Soon after going to Oxford, the future Broad Churchman appears in an earnest letter to his confidant C. J. Vaughan: whom it is enough to name:

'Alas that a Church that has so divine a service should keep its long list of Articles! I am strengthened more and more in my opinion, that there is only needed, that there only should be, one: viz. *I believe that Christ is both God and man.*'

And he writes to his friend Lake of an acquaintance among the freshmen:

'A good type of his class apparently, who quotes the Articles as scripture, the Church as infallible. I went out a walk with him the other day: suddenly a look of horror appeared on his face. 'I did not know such a thing was tolerated in Oxford,' pointing to a notice on the wall. I imagined it to be 'something dreadful': It was an innocent *To the Chapel*. 'Oh,' said I,

'you mean the Dissenting Chapel.' 'Yes, how could it have been built here? I wonder they did not pull it down long ago.'

That youth was just as tolerant as great John Knox himself.

But no attempt shall be made here to sketch that life. There is not space: and such as would follow the history will read, with profound interest, every sentence of the biography. It grows always brighter and better as it goes on. And it is written with entire sympathy: which does not imply entire agreement. Mr. Prothero's theory of things is probably about as near to Stanley's as Hugh Pearson's was: as is the humble writer's. But who could know the man, and not love him?

In due time, First-Class at Oxford. And his famous prize-poem, *The Gypsies*. Soon beginning to chafe at subscription: specially dreading the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. Some of us remember how, long after, he laughed like a mischievous schoolboy over a foot-note he had appended to an account of the Greek Archbishop of Syra taking part in a consecration in the Abbey. 'It is interesting to remember that this excellent person, not holding the Double Procession of the Holy Ghost, according to the Athanasian Creed, *without doubt shall perish everlastingly*.' And he writes to H. P., in 1841, 'I have read No. 90, and almost all its consequences. The result clearly is, that Roman Catholics may become members of the Church and Universities of England, which I for one cannot deplore.'

He was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford, after some hesitation on his own part. In 1846, after he had become his father's chaplain, he writes of an ordination in which he had taken part in Norwich Cathedral:

'A heart-rending sight, half prose, half poetry, half Protestant, half Catholic: an impressive ceremony with its meaning torn away: a profession, really of some importance, and claiming to be of the highest, dislocated from its place in society.'

I have heard him tell the story of his first sermon, in a village church near Norwich. Two old women, after service. The first, 'Well, I do feel empty-like.' The other, 'And so do I. That young man did not give us much to feed on.' Assuredly he did not preach 'a rich gospel.'

One does not mind about Stanley being known by at least four pet names. But it startles, to find the serious Tait, after his historic condemnation of Tract 90, addressed as *Belvedere* and *my dear Greis*. An unlucky association brings back Goldsmith's 'I am known as their agreeable Rattle. Rattle is not my real

name, but one I'm known by.' It is to be confessed that after he was Archbishop, I have heard him called *Potato*. But that was by a very high churchman, who held him as little better than a Presbyterian.

Nothing need be said of Arnold's death, in June 1842, nor of the famous Life. 'I have written just two books, which really made an impression,' one has heard him say. The other, of course, was *Sinai and Palestine*. When Tait was elected Arnold's successor, Stanley was in deep despondency as to the sufficiency of his scholarship. During the Hampden controversy, Stanley wrote to his sister in defence of Bishop Wilberforce's action. Stanley did not think it wise, but he thought it sincere. And the significant words occur, 'any act of undoubted sincerity in him is worth ten times as much as it would have been in another person.' Somehow, one would not like to be defended in that particular way. On a Sunday evening in 1847 Stanley preached in the College Chapel, with the unfortunate drawback of having a glove on his head: being quite unaware of the fact. Very like the inaccurate genius who would date a letter the wrong month of the wrong year.

In the autumn of 1849 Stanley's father died: curiously at Brahan Castle, near Dingwall. Dean Hinds of Carlisle was appointed Bishop of Norwich, and Stanley was offered the Deanery of Carlisle. He was not yet thirty-four. Had he accepted, it would have changed the course of another life. Tait was glad to leave Rugby for Carlisle. Had Stanley been there, it is quite certain that Tait's five children could not have died from the poisonous drains of the Deanery: in which case Tait would not have been thought of for the Bishopric of London, and the history of the Church of England might have been different. 'The real attraction' of the Canterbury canonry, in 1851, was that it made a home for his mother and sister. *Sinai and Palestine* appeared in March 1856. 'Nothing I have ever written has so much interested and instructed me in the writing.' The success was instant and immense. But the saintly Keble felt called to testify. Yet Stanley testified in favour of the Christian Year, when a 'rabid Protestant' declared it was of 'very improper tendency.' 'I confess my blood boils at such fiendish folly and stupidity.' In August 1856 he was at Dumfries, and visited the beautiful churchyard of Kirkpatrick-Irongray, where Jeanie Deans lies under a monument erected by Sir Walter. It is a covenanting region, and Stanley was greatly interested. In those days the writer was

incumbent of that parish : but he did not meet Stanley till 1862. At this time it was put about that Stanley was to be Bishop of London : but every one knows that in September 1856 Tait was appointed. It was a curious sight to see men in the New Club at Edinburgh shaking hands enthusiastically, and exclaiming, *Archy Tait a Bishop !* Stanley soon became Professor of Church History at Oxford. 'How many letters of congratulation do you suppose I have received from residents in Oxford? One from Jowett, and—not one beside!' Dr. Pusey, 'loving him personally,' was constrained to point out that his views tended to unbelief. Stanley replied in courteous terms, that many good souls believed that Pusey's views tended to something in their judgment nearly as bad. I remember Stanley saying that when he became Dean of Westminster, the letters of congratulation reached 600. A good many came from Scotland. But his really intimate friends were few. 'From Hugh Pearson or Professor Jowett he had no secrets.' Indeed to people far below these he sometimes told strange and intimate things not to be repeated. But not one of them, though published ever so widely, would diminish the reverence and love in which he was held by all who really knew him. Surely he had not 'verified his quotation' when he wrote, 'Trust in the Lord, as Cromwell said, and keep your *temper dry*.'

The story of *Essays and Reviews* is fully given. No one has ever related how the book came to be at all. I remember well how John Parker the younger told me that when the series of Oxford and Cambridge Essays which that house published came to a close, they had two or three essays on hand, paid for. So instead of casting them aside, old Mr. Parker thought they might as well get a few more, and make up a volume. This was done. The outcry was tremendous. But it sold the book as the Oxford Essays never sold. The tour in the East with the Prince of Wales came early in 1862. During it, his beloved mother died. That September, Stanley and Pearson came to Edinburgh. And here the writer had the inestimable privilege of making Hugh Pearson's acquaintance. Never on this earth was there a more lovable man. And it was always most touching to see the friends together.

In November 1863, Stanley was offered the Deanery of Westminster. Dr. Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and the most conscientious of men, preached against the appointment from the pulpit of the Abbey. Dean and Canon were to become warm friends. On December 23, in Westminster Abbey, Stanley

was married to Lady Augusta Bruce. Nothing can be said of that lady better than she deserved. It was the happiest of all marriages. Not long after, he came to Edinburgh and gave two lectures in the Music Hall on Solomon. Substantially they are to be found in his *Jewish Church*. A great crowd listened. A worthy Philistine stated that they were about as good as Kitto's Bible Readings. In the waiting-room, before the lecture, Stanley was talking to the writer, when a bright cheery youth, wearing the kilt, came tearing in, and (morally) embraced the Dean enthusiastically. It was Prince Alfred, then abiding for a space in Holyrood. He sat next Stanley, on a crowded platform: and hearty applause followed when the Dean said Solomon was 'like our own Alfred:' turning round in a marked way to the youth. On this visit, Stanley and his wife stayed with Mr. Erskine of Linlathen in Charlotte Square. And the Dean made the acquaintance of a good many outstanding ministers of the Kirk: hardly any of whom had taken the trouble of attending his lectures. One remarked, when ushered into a drawing-room, he gave his name as *Doctor Stanley*. It was now that leaving our house, Dr. Grant of St. Mary's said to the beloved Dr. Hunter of the Tron Kirk of Edinburgh, 'Well, what do you think of the Dean?' Dr. Hunter was about a head less in stature than Stanley. But drawing himself up with old-fashioned dignity, he replied, 'A most charming man; but somewhat deficient in personal presence!' His 'Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland,' delivered in Edinburgh, caused great diversity of opinion. Which has to be.

Mr. Prothero gives, briefly, Stanley's dream of being elected Pope. Some of us have repeatedly heard Stanley tell it at greater length, and in a varied version. I think I can recall it, nearly letter-perfect. Speaking with great rapidity:

'I don't usually attach any consequence to dreams: but this was remarkable. When I learnt that I had been elected Pope, I was in great perplexity. Not at all whether I should accept or not; I had no difficulty about that; but what name I should take. I thought of several, but I could not please myself. Hugh Pearson could not help me. So I thought I would go down to the Athenæum, and consult Jacobson, Bishop of Chester. Do any of you know Jacobson? Well, if you did, you would know that he is the man that everybody goes to in perplexity; the most cautious of men. He said, I should take it as a great compliment if you would take my name: William. Why not? Some-

how, it would not do. So I thought I should go away to Rome, and see about things there. Forthwith, with the rapidity of a dream, I found myself drawing near to Rome: walking along the Flaminian Way. As I came near the gate, a great procession came forth, to welcome the new Pope. Then I suddenly remembered that in the hurry of coming away from home, I had wrapped the blanket of my bed round me: and that it was exactly the colour which no Pope can wear until he is fully installed in office. I was in great agony. For I thought to myself, these people will think it most presumptuous in me to wear that colour when I have no right to it. But, on the other hand, I could not cast the blanket off, for I had not another stitch of raiment about me. Driven to this extremity, of course I awoke.'

The Papacy had somehow an extraordinary interest for Stanley. Well I remember his saying:

'My great wish in this life is to be Pope. Then I should call a General Council. I should say, "Am I infallible?" "Yes." "Is whatever I say certainly true?" "Yes." "Then the first use I make of my infallibility is to declare that I am not infallible: that no Pope ever was infallible: that the Church has fallen into many grievous errors, and stands in great need of a Reformation."'

When I related this to good Bishop Wordsworth, he answered with a solemn face, 'Yes, and that night the Pope would get a cup of coffee, and he would fall asleep and never awake.' Another suggestion was made. When Stanley had spoken the words, a sudden loud outcry would be raised by those nearest, 'The Pope is taken ill: he has gone mad!' A rush would be made upon him; he would be swept out of the Council; and next day it would be announced that he was dead. But it is quite unnecessary to discuss the steps which would practically be taken.

Long before, while still a Professor, Stanley and H. P. had a private interview with Pius IX. I would I had space to relate the details: they are most interesting and strange. One only is given in the *Life*: How the Pope said Dr. Pusey was like a church-bell: 'He induces others to enter the Church, but he stays outside himself.' And coming forth, Stanley's first words to Pearson were, 'Well, that infallible man has made more stupid mistakes in twenty minutes, than I ever heard any mortal make before.'

I am not to say a word of his sermons and speeches at St. Andrews: for I have told the story elsewhere, though only about

half.¹ Very true is Mr. Prothero's word of Stanley's visit to the scene of the murder of Archbishop Sharp (never Shairp) at Magus Muir. I know that well, for I took him there. How solemnly he took it all! 'It's an awful name, Magus Muir. Great part of the horror of the story comes of the name.' The Laird asked Stanley to write an inscription for the rude pyramid he put up to mark the spot. But the inscription was too 'Broad' for old Mr. Whyte Melville. For it was equally complimentary to the murdered Archbishop, and to the conscientious and devout souls who murdered him.

The year 1874 saw Stanley's culmination. In the words of Archbishop Tait, 'No clergyman, perhaps, who ever lived, exercised over the public at large, and especially over the literary and thoughtful portion of it, so fascinating an influence.'

His wife's death, on 'the Day of Ashes' in 1876, changed all this world. Yet even after that, he could be very bright and gay. Well I remember going with him round Henry VII.'s Chapel, how the eager flow of speech stopped, and he silently pointed to her resting-place, and turned away. Also how, going into the Abbey to preach, he got with great speed into his surplice ('I don't believe Stanley ever possessed a cassock,' were the words of an eminent friend), and entering his library with a solemn face, he silently patted the bust on its cheek, and then signed to me to follow him. When he went to preach elsewhere he carried 'The Order' with him in an old newspaper. There is no doubt, he got downhearted about his work. I have heard the words which are recorded, 'Everything I do is sure to fail. The public have ceased to read or listen to anything I can tell them.' Yet at a meeting of the C.C.C. Society in the Deanery, he was at his very brightest, on the beautiful evening of Monday May 30, 1881, that day seven weeks that he died. Now and then, his spirits were uproarious. He uttered cries of approval of a paper read by one who could not agree with him in everything. As it grew towards midnight, I took Dean Stanley's hand for the last time. 'Yes, I'll preach for you on a Sunday in August, if you will put me up for a few days.' These were the final words I heard him say.

Hugh Pearson wrote, 'He passed away in perfect peace—two long sighs, and not the slightest movement of the head or hand. There was no suffering throughout, thank God!'

¹ *Dean Stanley at St. Andrews*: published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and now Chap. VIII. in the *Recreations of a Country Parson*. Third Series. Also in the two volumes *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*, *passim*.

And H. P., soon to follow, added,

‘What can one look forward to in the future for the Church without him? For myself the light is gone out of life.’

But the days of mourning are ended; and we recall life-like little details with a smile. How he enjoyed the letter which came to him after the figures were set up in the reredos at the Abbey, which began: *Thou miserable idolater!* Not less cheering was another communication, assuming a poetic form, which began: ‘In old Cockaigne did Liddon Khan, A stately preaching-house decree.’ Then the day on which Archbishop Tait, having written out a telegram at a country office, was addressed: ‘And wha may ye be that tak’ this cognomen?’ The Dean related the story at a bishops’ dinner at Lambeth; but could elicit no more from the cautious Primate than ‘*A very good story.*’ Bits of observation: ‘I never walk along a street in an English town without seeing some name on a sign-board which I never saw before.’ This, in contrast with Scotland, where the same surname of old served a county. Nothing pleased him more, preaching at St. Andrews, than when an old woman with a huge umbrella joined herself to the little procession entering the church, and walked a long time close behind the Dean. In graver mood, writing of a visit to St. Andrews: ‘I am grateful to have a record of days so delightful:’ the absence of the incomparable wife being ‘the one shadow deepening and darkening over what else would have been unmixed happiness.’

A. K. H. B.

A Ride for Dear Life.

A FRONTIERSMAN'S YARN.

THROUGH plains covered with sparse thorn bushes the Olifants river wends its way. Here it is about fifty yards wide, and is fringed with reeds on either bank. It is the dry season, and the current, which at times would sweep away men, horses, and waggons, has dwindled down till at almost any point a lad of twelve could cross with ease and safety.

The withered vegetation, the bushes devoid of leaf and grey with thorns, display the effects of drought and of nightly frosts, but everywhere the broad-bladed twitch grass, perennially green, abounds in quantity sufficient to keep cattle and horses in excellent condition throughout the winter.

To the eastward the ragged forbidding-looking ranges of mountain, which here constitute the frontier of Matshila's land, stand up in clear relief against the unclouded sky. Every crag, bush, and rivulet are as distinct to the naked eye at four miles' distance as they would be in Europe at one mile with the aid of field-glasses.

It is evening, and troops of graceful roebuck are cropping the shoots of herbage and lazily twitching their tails, as with the dainty stiff-kneed action peculiar to antelope they stalk down to the river, in Indian file, for their evening drink. The flocks of guinea fowl are beginning to *crurruck-cuck-cuck-curruck*, and the bush pheasant gives his discordant plaintive call as he prepares to roost.

But why are the guinea fowl suddenly silent, and why do the pallahs, giving one spring sideways, stand rooted with astonishment for five seconds, and then airily bound away in alarm?

Well they may, for since the hills first in order stood no such sound has ever disturbed the solitudes through which old Olifant flows as the pealing notes of the bugle which now strike upon the ear.

There amongst the bushes are rows of white bell tents, from which men are now issuing. They are clad in blue shirts, cord breeches, field-boots, and soft broad-brimmed felt hats, and have a hardy tanned look. Each carries a currycomb and danderbrush and has a nosebag slung over his arm, and, albeit unshaven, they seem a serviceable body of men.

They fall in on the markers in section column by the left at quarter distance. The roll is called, and then they break off and go towards their horses, which are picketed in ranks, and which display by their whinnying that they know the hour for feeding as well as the men do.

'Halt! who comes there?' shouts a sentry. Two minutes later a couple of almost naked Basuto Caffres enter the camp, and are taken to the Commandant's marquee. As the sun sinks a strong guard is mounted, and the sentries are all doubled, for it is war time, and no precaution is omitted.

The mess bugle sounds, and the men gather in groups of eight for their meal. A strange crowd—English, Scotch, Irish, German, and Afrikander—the last being invaluable as a frontiersman for his good shooting and horsemanship, and for his quick eye, knowledge of country, and cool self-reliance.

Amongst them are all sorts and conditions of men—public schoolmen, university M.A.'s, and gentlemen emigrants, mixed with farmers, traders, and gold-diggers, but the utmost good feeling prevails, and many a jest and yarn elicit repeated roars of laughter. It is as well under these circumstances to be on good terms with the Quartermaster, for somehow or other, after the nightly issue of grog ration, there is always a surplus in hand, which, of course, it would be a sin to either throw away or to present to the Government, so taking my pipe and my tin pannikin, I stroll off to pay my respects to that worthy.

'I say, Quartermaster, who were those two natives who came in this evening?'

'Can't say—they were friendly natives—I fancy they have been spying. I know the Commandant is in touch with a lot of friendly natives, who keep their eyes skinned and bring him information. That issuer is a wonderful man; he always brings me a balance over of just one quart of commissariat rum every night after issuing; excellent man, but I won't recommend him for promotion, for he is so admirably suited to his present position—and to me. Let's play poker. Hullo, there's the Commandant's

orderly. What do you want? All the rum is finished; go to the issuer if you have any complaint.'

'The Commandant wants Trooper X——, sir.'

'I won't be long away, Quartermaster; keep my rum for me.' So saying, I left the tent, and reported myself to the Commandant. He was seated at a small table, on which lay an open map. He was a man over six feet in height, and of splendid physique. His marked features, resolute expression of countenance, quiet but decided manner, and resonant voice, betokened courage and force of character. He was eminently a man to be trusted in the hour of danger or disaster. He was not a product of the school of discipline, but, like such men in all new countries, he had been brought to the front by a sort of process of natural selection, and owed his position entirely to the personal qualities which he had often displayed on critical occasions. Perhaps some may recognise the portrait.

'Trooper X——.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Are you disposed to go on special service?'

'That is a curious question to ask me, sir. I am ready to go wherever you order me, or my duty leads me.'

'Yes, but I think it is hardly fair to send any particular man on a service of especial danger without asking him whether he is cheerfully prepared to incur the risks.'

'I know, sir, that you would not wantonly expose any man to unnecessary risk. The risk you hint at must be in the course of duty, and that being so, I am quite prepared to undertake it cheerfully.'

'Well spoken, my lad. Did you see two natives come into the camp this evening?'

'Yes.'

'They report to me that they have heard on good authority that a very large troop of the enemy's cattle are stowed away in the valley between the first and second range of hills—I mean between the range of hills you see to the eastward and another range behind that range and parallel to it. You will have to follow the course of the river, which runs through a gap in the hills. When you have passed the gap, turn to your right and pass along the valley between this range and the next range. See here on the map. The valley narrows at this point; I am told it is not more than about four hundred yards wide just there. There is a town on the slope of the hills to the left, about half a

mile beyond this neck, so you will have to go very cautiously, but when you have passed the town you are all safe. You go on about three or four miles until you come to a little round hill in the midst of the valley.

'I am told there is a small patch of bush on this little hill. I want you to hide your horses in the bush, mount the hill, and, keeping yourselves hidden, to watch the valley and ascertain if there are any troops of cattle, where they feed, and to bring me all the information you can. I will give you an excellent man to accompany you. You can start when the moon rises to-night. You will reach the spot before daybreak. Remain hidden all day and return to-morrow night. That is all you have to do. You had better take fifty rounds of ball and two days' rations with you. I will lend you my field-glasses. Trooper G—— accompanies you. The Adjutant in person will inspect you and give any final instructions—and, by the way, is your horse a silent one?'

'Yes, excepting at stables, when he sometimes gives a whinny at the sight of forage.'

'That is well. I have known a good man to come to grief owing to an untimely neigh. Have you looked to his shoes lately?'

'Yes, sir; he went to the farrier the day before yesterday, but he is only shod on the fore.'

'You want nothing better, even for the roughest ground in this country. You may as well take this pocket compass. Now, are you sure you fully understand my instructions?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Ah, well. Good night, and, mind you, no smoking at night. I know you are a heavy smoker, but if you reflect that striking a match may cost you your life, I think you will be able to refrain.'

'May I ask you to do something for me, sir, in case I don't return?'

'Certainly, certainly. What can I do for you?'

'I should like to leave my father's address with you, and ask you to communicate with him in case it should be necessary; also to open all letters addressed to me, read them, and then burn them.'

'Quite so. I promise you faithfully I will do this, but I hope there will be no necessity for such a proceeding on my part. However, enter the address in my memorandum book,' and as he spoke he tossed me the book.

Having made the entry, I saluted, turned about in three motions, and left the tent.

The Commandant was one of those men who had the rare gift of maintaining discipline, not by the machinery of organisation, but solely by his individual force of character and personal influence. Wherever he took us we had a sort of feeling that he knew what he was about, and we all would have followed him unhesitatingly, even though it appeared to be into the jaws of certain death.

I have known him ride up to a body of men who were under heavy fire, and who, being hardly pressed by an enemy of superior force, were beginning to get unsteady. The instant he appeared amongst them they became as steady as rocks.

The Great Duke said of Bonaparte that his presence on the field of battle was equal to a reinforcement of twenty thousand men. It is hard to explain, but there are men who exercise this influence over their fellows.

Irregular troops will not fight well unless they have confidence in their leaders; indeed, trust is to them what discipline and organisation are to regular troops.

Our Commandant knew every man by name who served under him. There was no restraint in his manner, for he would converse freely with any of us in a way that is usually deemed to be destructive of all discipline. Few men have this power of keeping in close touch with their men, and yet not impairing their control. It is a special gift. Those who possess it not had better abstain from free contact with their subordinates.

As a tactician he was bold in conception and swift in execution. Knowing the nature of his enemy thoroughly, he also knew just how far he could take liberties with them. He never put his foot further out than he could withdraw it again with safety.

At times he apparently violated all the accepted canons of warfare. He would throw off his line of communication and lead us into positions of apparently great danger, but he was as wise as he was bold, and no contingency was unforeseen or unprovided against. As a rule his movements were so rapid that before the enemy realised his intentions he had accomplished his object.

Self-reliant energy is characteristic of the Afrikaner, and the Commandant was merely a typical specimen of his race. For generations past they have in insignificant numbers fought their way northward against savage hordes and dangerous wild beasts, their only weapon the rifle, their only book the Bible, and the constant struggle has evolved a singularly bold and hardy people.

As the moon rose Trooper G—— and myself paraded for

inspection. After being very narrowly overhauled by the Adjutant, who gave us a final injunction to be careful, we set out on our journey. Trooper G—— led the way. He was an Afrikaner born of Irish parents. He was a fine rider, a fine shot, as brave as a lion, and withal, like most Irishmen, had a cheerful temperament, which never deserted him even at the moments of gravest danger.

‘Mr. X——, I’m thinking we may set to work and do all our smoking and talking now while we can do it with safety, for in the parts we are going to visit we are not exactly popular, so let us light up now.’

Thus we continued to smoke and converse in a low tone until we reached the Pass in the hills through which the river flowed. Dead silence was now to be our rule. The frost had begun to fall, and it was somewhat cold work.

A long ride in a frosty night invariably makes one feel sleepy. Anyone much accustomed to riding acquires the knack of sleeping in the saddle. It is a dubious kind of rest though. Every now and then as the head begins to nod and fall forward the sleeper is suddenly awakened. Besides this, one occasionally gets a reminder by a thorny branch brushing across one’s face, or by the horse unwarily putting his foot into an ant-bear hole. However, as G—— had taken upon himself to do the piloting, I gathered as many winks of sleep as was possible under the circumstances.

Eels are said to get accustomed to skinning, and men certainly get inured to exposure and discomfort. Since those days I have often, when travelling at night, comfortably seated in a first-class carriage of an express train, obtained a feeling of satisfaction by recalling to memory the discomforts incurred on a night patrol, and I am by no means sure that the immunity from discomforts which accompanies a high state of civilisation may not in the long run sap the courage and energy of European nations. My dozing was at last interrupted by G——’s voice. ‘Here we are; there is the valley to our right; we have been going for two hours; that accords with instructions, doesn’t it? It should bear southward of us now; take a look at the pocket compass.’

Jumping off my horse, I covered the compass with my hat, while G—— struck a match under the hat.

‘Yes, that’s all right; let us aim our course between those two shoulders which descend from the hills on either side. I think we had better skirt to the right as much as possible, for the

Commandant said there was a Basuto town on the slope of the range to the left hand.'

In another half-hour we saw that the two ranges were getting nearer to us, and that we were approaching the neck of the valley. It was, however, difficult to exactly estimate the true size and distance of natural features by the light of the moon.

At last we reached the neck and hurried through it, keeping as much to the right as possible, with the double object of avoiding the proximity of the native town on the left, and also of keeping well in the shadow of the range of hills on the right. Ten minutes took us through the pass. There was evidently no Basuto town in the pass, for we saw no lights and heard no barking of dogs.

The valley now widened out again. Suddenly we heard the barking of dogs apparently about half a mile off on the left of the valley.

'Ah, there is the town,' said G——. 'I hope the dogs are not taking alarm.'

'No, no. The nasty yapping brutes keep it up all night long.'

My horse's hoofs now ceased to sound as they struck the earth, and I experienced a sensation as though he were travelling over soft ground. An exclamation of impatient annoyance broke from G——.

'What is the matter?' I asked.

'Bad enough; couldn't well be worse. We have got on to newly-cultivated land. If they visit this land to-morrow morning they will be certain to see the hoof-marks, and then we are done for. However, perhaps they mayn't come over this ground to-morrow. In any case we couldn't return to camp without having made an attempt to carry out our orders, so all we can do is to turn back and skirt this field in the hopes that they may not be working here to-morrow.'

We wheeled our horses round, and having regained the veldt went off at a tangent to avoid the cultivated ground. When we judged that we must be past it we resumed our direct course, but the incident left an unpleasant impression on my mind, and my spirits were overshadowed by anxious presentiments of coming evil. We proceeded for about two miles in this manner, when we saw a small round hillock looming up in the middle of the plain. In another ten minutes we reached it. At the foot was a small clump of bushes which we entered, and having off-saddled and affixed the nosebags, we tied up the horses, and ascending to the

top of the hillock, wrapped ourselves in our overcoats and lay down to sleep, with the butts of our rifles as pillows. Youth, health, and nerves make a good nightcap, and in those days I could sleep sounder under conditions like this than I can now in a feather bed.

At break of day I was roused by G——, who was pulling my leg. Rubbing my eyes, I looked round me. Before us was spread a wide valley covered with scattered clumps of bush. From the slopes of the hills on both sides of the valley columns of smoke arose from Basuto villages. On examining them with the field-glasses I could see that they were all strongly fortified with *schanzes* (or breastworks of stone), and behind them were precipices or rugged masses of rock, in which, doubtless, were numerous caves in which the inhabitants of the villages took refuge whenever they were driven from their villages by an enemy. Each village contained several score of huts with round conical-shaped roofs, which projected above the walls of the *schanzes* which encircled them.

Far back behind us, and on the slope of the hill about half a mile from the neck of the valley through which we had passed on the previous evening, was a village of about a hundred huts. From the hill just above the neck itself was a cloud of smoke, showing that a picket was posted there. We must have passed within three hundred yards of them during the night.

We could distinguish the patch of cultivated ground we had unwittingly trespassed upon during our last night's journey.

We munched our biscuits and took a pull at our water-bottles by way of breakfast.

At about nine o'clock from the villages at the further end of the valley we saw four large troops of cattle descend into the plain and spread themselves out to feed.

In the four troops there must have been at least twelve or fifteen hundred head of cattle.

We discussed the situation, and speculated as to the intentions of the Commandant.

We conjectured that he must contemplate entering the valley by night with a body of men, lying in wait till the cattle came out to feed, capturing them all, leaving another body of men lying *perdu* near the neck with orders to seize the hills on each side of the neck, and thus secure a safe exit from the valley for the party who seized the cattle.

All this seemed feasible enough, for the cattle were feeding so

far out upon the plain that we could have galloped down from our hillock and have secured them before they could have been driven back within the shelter of the villages. There was, moreover, a gully about a mile further on, and nearer to the cattle, which was capable of concealing almost any number of mounted men.

As the sun rose higher the heat became more and more oppressive, and we looked forward rather ruefully to the prospect of lying stretched out upon our hillock all day long.

About 11 A.M. Trooper G—— gave a whistle of astonishment, and, touching me on the arm, pointed back to the village near the entrance to the valley.

On looking with the glasses, I saw a party of about a dozen women descending into the plain, carrying hoes and implements for field-work. They were apparently going straight down towards the cultivated land on which we had trespassed during the night.

Said Trooper G——, 'If they find our spoor of last night, we must gallop for it, for the whole of the people will turn out and search the valley until they find us.'

We watched their progress with overwhelming anxiety. They reached the cultivated ground and began walking across it straight towards the spot we had traversed the night before.

'By George! it is all up,' said G——. 'We might as well start off now. It will be a miracle if they don't see the spoor. We'll wait a bit, though, to see whether chance doesn't save us. No, no; not a bit of good. See, they are almost on the very spot. Look, they are all running together to the very spot; and now, by George! look again; they have set off running to the village as hard as they can go. Come on, there isn't a moment to lose. Chuck on the saddles and let us be off for a life and death gallop.'

As he spoke we sprang to our feet and rushed down the hillock to where our horses were picketed, threw on the saddles and bridles (surely horses were never so swiftly saddled before), and in less than a minute were heading back for the entrance of the valley at a smart hand gallop.

'Hold your horse together, Mr. X——, there is no saying what call we may not have to make upon the nags.'

Rising slightly from the saddle to ease my horse, I gave the brave beast a couple of pats on the side of the neck, for I felt that he would not fail me at a pinch, and would do all that was required of him.

'See!' shouted G——; 'look at those three columns of

smoke from the picket on the hill at the right of the neck—that is the alarm signal—look at the people all running along the side of the hill from that infernal village. If they reach the neck before we do they will form a line across it, and it will be a hundred to one if we can get through them alive, so let out your horse a bit.”

Notwithstanding the awful nature of our death-ride—notwithstanding the heavy stake depending upon it—I had a feeling almost of exultation, and could have shouted aloud. My good horse, puffing and snorting as he bore upon the bit, the thudding of his hoofs as he sped along, the wind whistling past my ears, all tended to raise my spirits. Men ride in earnest when the hounds are running into a sinking fox, but no men ever rode more earnestly than we twain did for our dear lives—a strained sinew, a stumble, a girth failing, and I should not have been here to-day to tell the tale.

The natives were racing down in hundreds to try and reach the neck before we did, and it became a question as to who would reach the neck first.

Nearer and yet nearer—we were almost at the neck—from the hills on the right about sixty natives, the advanced guard of those who were coming from the village, were running down into the valley to block our track. We saw that we must pass them within a very few yards, and that it was merely a question of seconds as to whether we got past them at all. We bent our horses to the left, for they were almost in front of us now.

G—— shouted, ‘Now, Mr. X——, let him out and ride as hard as you can.’

I got hold of his head, and driving in the spurs rode him on the bit as well, and we managed to dash past them within sixty yards. As we did so they gave a yell, and a volley rattled out from their rifles, the bullets chirping and hissing all round us. I saw G—— flinch and bend slightly over his saddle bow, and I felt a peculiar tingling sensation in my left arm. My horse, too, gave a flounder.

‘Hurrah!’ shouted G—— as we dashed along the valley, and sped out at the further end of the neck into the plain. But my horse was going in a very cramped way, and I had to shout to G—— to draw rein. I pulled up, and on dismounting I found that he had been shot through the thigh. At the same time the trickling of something warm down my left arm and hand revealed to me that I had been wounded also.

G—— galloped back and shouted, 'The horse is dead lame; leave him and jump up behind me.' I noticed that his lips were very white.

With some difficulty I mounted the croup of his horse, which carried us on at a reduced speed under the double burden.

G—— only spoke once the whole time. 'By George! the only thing I regret is that I hadn't a chance of dismounting and gruelling one of them.'

I now felt terribly thirsty and faint from loss of blood, so as we neared the river I asked G—— to stop and let me dismount for a drink. He handed me his water-bottle, saying, 'Please fill it—I am afraid to dismount.'

'Why, G——, what's the matter?'

'Oh, I rather think I am shot through the stomach, but I think I can manage to get to camp if I don't dismount.'

I handed up the water-bottle, and the poor fellow took a long drink.

In another couple of hours we were in camp again. G—— insisted on reporting himself to the Adjutant, and having delivered his information was lifted from the saddle by many friendly hands, and conveyed to the hospital tent. A couple of days later on three volleys were fired over the poor fellow's grave.

I was recompensed by the Government for the loss of my horse.

That very night the Commandant ordered a full patrol. He knew that the cattle would all be removed from that valley to some other spots. He made a shrewd guess at their whereabouts, and succeeded in raiding six hundred head on the following morning, and shooting more than thirty of the enemy in revenge for the death of poor G——, at the same time only having two of our men slightly wounded.

I was in hospital for a fortnight, and rapidly recovered from my wound. Since then I have followed the Commandant on many a dangerous path, but never till my last day shall I forget that ride for dear life.

CHARLES MONTAGUE.

At the Sign of the Ship.

SOME remarks on Americanisms were lately made here, which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has commented on in *Harper's Magazine*. I do not think I said that foreign Ministers should address the American President as 'Old Hoss,' or ask him if he 'feels like brandy-and-water to-day.' Everyone must abhor such vulgarities. The question rather was, whether these phrases are not colloquial parts of the language of the Great Republic. The query 'Do you feel like brandy-and-water?' was, according to my information, actually put by an American citizen to a reigning monarch. But I hasten to reassure Mr. Warner by adding that this prince was king of the Cannibal Islands, or of some other isles in that wide oceanic district. Nor did his majesty resent the implied invitation. The phrase about 'the inner tracks'—'I allow that Garfield has the inner tracks'—was employed by a charming American lady, in answering the inquiries of two British dignitaries, a bishop and a man of science, I think; but this she did by way of a joke, and to impart local colour. Educated people of taste use the same language, of course, in both countries, with some differences in terminology. And people of a different sort use the same language, with local dialectical varieties, and varieties of slang, and of vulgarisms. And that is all that the difference amounts to, though some American scholars say 'all the time,' even in translating Homer, where we say 'always.' What causes this difference of usage philologists may be able to explain. Miss Earle's very entertaining book, *Customs and Fashions in Old New England* (Nutt), shows that Old New English ways were almost exactly (except for slavery) like ways here. The very theology of Judge Sewall, and his religious anecdotes, are the anecdotes and theology of that Presbyterian Pepys, Wodrow. Indeed, the New England clerical leaders, like Cotton Mather, were in correspondence with men like Wodrow at home; and Richard

Baxter's *World of Spirits* seems to have been partially responsible for the Salem epidemic of witchcraft.

* * *

New England affords us, from a newspaper published at Cambridge, Mass., a curious example of patriotic criticism. In a book for children edited by myself was an account of the duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, written by Miss May Kendall. We won that time, as everybody knows, all the better because it was, perhaps, the only affair of frigates which we did win in that war. But the Cambridge critic complains that I, or rather Miss Kendall, forgot to mention that the American captain fell early in the battle, with most of the officers, while the Americans lost 146 men and officers out of 376, and we lost but 85. And this omission 'detracts from any historical value the book may have for children.' It was not meant to have any, but the facts only prove how much better our side fought, and shot, than the other side. Suppose a Cambridge man says, 'Cambridge beat Oxford soundly in 1893.' An Oxford man might reply, 'Yes, but you forget to mention that the Oxford captain made 0, and that Wells bowled eight men out for 6,' or whatever the figures may be. Clearly it was the business of Oxford to have played better, and the business of the *Chesapeake* to have shot straighter. They were beaten because they failed in these respects. To be better in these respects, among others, is the condition of winning.

* * *

One finds odd criticisms, where we expect to find them, in old *Quarterly Reviews*. Twenty-two years ago someone wrote there on 'Byron and Tennyson,' charging heavily in favour of Byron. He quoted such lines as

A moment checked his wheeling speed,
A moment breathed him from his steed.

If the latter line had possessed an obvious meaning (for how does a man breathe himself from his steed?) we might have attributed the couplet to Scott. Byron is so little read that people who peruse Scott's recent published correspondence ask, 'What did Miss Baillie mean by saying that Byron imitated Scott?' She meant, of course, that the rapid octosyllabics of this passage, for example, from the 'Giaour' would never have been written, as they are written, but for the example of Scott. The Reviewer went on to observe that 'you are never obliged to dig for Byron's meaning.'

Unluckily, you are often obliged to dig, and, as we shall show, often you dig in vain. 'To breathe him from his steed' no doubt, on reflection, means to take a rest in a rapid ride. One only selects examples from what the friend of Byron praises.

Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
So full—that feeling seem'd almost unfelt.

What does *this* mean? What was 'so full'—his image or her bosom? What was '*that* feeling' which 'seem'd almost unfelt'? Two or three conjectures might be offered, none of them satisfactory. Can it mean that her bosom beat so little (of course hearts, rather than bosoms, usually 'beat') that he could scarcely feel its beating? Or how can 'elements'

Gnash with impenitent remorse?

Teeth gnash, not elements. This is an instance from a long passage which, as punctuated, cannot be construed. The Reviewer calls it 'a startling picture.' It is certainly startling, but picture there is none. In the 'deep and dark blue ocean' stanza, how are we to understand

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, *save his own*,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown?

Save his own what? His own ravage? Not a shadow of his ravage, except his ravage? If this means his being drowned, why, it does *not* remain; man is gone like a drop of rain, 'with bubbling groan.' If 'man's ravage' means his destroying ships in war, the hulk *does* remain, sometimes, probably. When Byron, in a passage particularly recommended, hopelessly loses sight even of grammar, of course we have to 'dig for his meaning,' and we dig in vain, as the piece is quoted:—

The azure gloom
Of an Italian night, when the deep skies assume
Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Float o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadow forth its glory.

Now, granting that 'azure gloom' at night can 'assume hues which have words,' and can also 'shadow forth' glory, still, 'gloom' is singular, and, with all its varied accomplishments, cannot take plural verbs, 'float' and 'shadow forth.' The passage

is nonsense, meaningless nonsense, but nonsense on a magnificent subject. That, really, is what captivates the critic. 'Mr. Tennyson,' he says, 'moralises over a lily' (Where?), while Byron 'apostrophises a crashing forest or an avalanche.' But it is better to moralise over a lily (if Lord Tennyson did so) in good verse and good grammar than to 'apostrophise' Ocean, or Rome, or even an avalanche, in words without sense or grammar. The implicit faith in Byron as a poet is a faith very hard to understand. Among the many unpoetical elements of his popularity was probably a mental confusion, which conceived that he who writes about sublime things must be writing sublimely. That anyone should ever have regarded his verse as lucid, his meaning as on the surface, merely shows that the meaning was often taken for granted. In hardly a single passage cited as admirable twenty-two years ago can the meaning be discovered by search. Thus Byron addresses Ocean:—

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since.

Which shores are empires? What seaboard has Assyria, any more than Bohemia? What does 'many a tyrant since' mean? Did the waters first wash power to Assyria, &c., 'while they were free,' and afterwards 'wash them' 'many a tyrant'? And when was Assyria free? Or did the waters wash power to 'many a tyrant'? 'The citizens have a right to know' what Byron meant, if he meant anything. He goes on, more darkling than 'Sordello':—

 Their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

How have the shores 'decayed'? How can the decay of a shore dry up a realm to a desert? What does 'not so thou' mean? That the sea does *not* obey the slave, the savage, and the stranger? That is not the case. 'Britannia rules the waves' much more, at all events, than Assyria ever ruled them, or the other places. But the sentence is—

 their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—

Oh, Heaven! Not so *what*? Can the noble poet mean that the sea has not dried up realms to deserts? How could it dry up anything whatever? If he means that 'their decay' has not dried up the sea, he should have written 'not so *thee*.' It would have been grammar, it *might* have been reason to congratulate the sea on not being dried up by the decay of Assyria, or of shores, or whatever it is. Rhyme it could not be. It begins to occur to me that 'their,' in 'their decay,' may go back, and refer to Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage. Well, let us take it that the decay of Rome and Assyria has dried up realms to deserts;—'not so thou.' The sea has not decayed, and, consequently, has not dried up realms. In fact it has not 'dried up' at all. This may be sense, perhaps, but it is very queer poetry to felicitate the ocean on not drying anything up. 'Unchangeable to play' is an odd phrase, but that is a trifle in such a mass of pompous, senseless, much-lauded absurdity. Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' is really not at all worse than this.

* * *

The Reviewer who praises, who specially selects for praise, these ludicrous lines goes on to deride the Laureate for allowing a dying swan to sing. Can he have been a countryman of my own? He seems to regret that the Laureate 'has never been the slave of guilty passion.' Whether or no, the Laureate wrote 'Fatima' and 'Love and Duty,' and, as a rule, was 'a slave' to grammar. The Reviewer (when can he have been born?) 'remembers the time when it was considered the depth of ill-breeding and bad taste to allude to Odaliskues in good society.' This awful offence against taste and morals the frisky Laureate committed when his Princess spoke of 'Odaliskues and oracles of mode'! Who can believe that those absurdities of criticism were produced in the *Quarterly Review* only twenty-two years ago? It is enough to make one put faith in Progress. This egregious critic, comparing two passages from his favourite and his unfavoured poet, says, 'Byron's strikes us to be decidedly the finer of the two.' His grammar is on a level with his noble author's. He ends by reminding us that the Germans still admire Byron, or, at least, that Herr Eltze does. The Germans may be our teachers in everything else, but surely not in matters of taste, or in English literature. Of course Byron is not always on the level of his admirer's selections, very far from it indeed. But that these selections were admired, that the lines to Ocean were spouted

everywhere as a masterpiece, shows how little wit goes to the appraising of poets. Only twenty-two years ago a human being was going about whom these lines 'struck to be' admirable, and whom the mention of Odalisques 'struck to be' indecent, though 'Don Juan' did not strike him to be anything of the kind.

* * *

There are various causes of obscurity in poetry. Mr. Browning is obscure, partly (but not chiefly) because his ideas are remote, and perhaps not clearly conceived by himself. But the main cause of his obscurity is his inability to tell a plain tale plainly. with his pen; this declares itself in some of his published letters. It seems as if he could not be lucid and simple, even in a letter. Moreover, he no doubt had a humorous pleasure in puzzling admirers who were rather dull intelligent people, and who liked to be puzzled. Tennyson is obscure—when he is obscure—by dint of too much research, too great a desire to write exquisitely. 'The worst kind of writing comes from trying to write too well.' But Byron is obscure because he sees a welter of ideas, all very fine and large, before his mind's eye; he jumps in, splashes about, and lets the sense and grammar take care of themselves.

* * *

The following Scotch ballad may have been printed before, though I have not seen it, to my knowledge, in print. The vain repetitions are needed in singing, probably.

Oh, gin I were where Gaudie rins, where Gaudie rins, where Gaudie
rins;

Oh, gin I were where Gaudie rins, at the back of Bennachie,
I wad ne'er come back again, back again, back again,
I wad ne'er come back again to view this low countrie!

I never had but twa lads, but twa lads, but twa lads,
I never had but twa lads, and weel they likit me;
The ane was killed in Lawran Fair, in Lawran Fair, in Lawran Fair,
The ane was killed in Lawran Fair, and the ither was droon'd in
Dee.

Oh, had they gien him man for man, man for man, man for man,
Oh, had they gien him man for man, or e'en ae man for three,
He wadna hae lain sae low that day, sae low that day, sae low that
day,
He wadna hae lain sae low that day at the foot o' the low countrie!

We gae'd to buy our bonny things, our bonny things, our bonny things;¹

We gae'd to buy our bonny things, a' in the low countrie;
 Instead o' that I got linen cloth, linen cloth, linen cloth,
 Instead o' that I got linen cloth to row his body wi'.

Oh, wasna that a dowie day, a dowie day, a dowie day,

Oh, wasna that a dowie day, a dowie day for me?

Oh, gin I were where Gaudie rins, where Gaudie rins, where Gaudie rins,

Oh, gin I were where Gaudie rins, at the back o' Bennachie!

* *

Talking of vain repetition reminds one of a circumstance about the Scotch Kirk which, perhaps, is generally known, but was unfamiliar to me. In his *Analecta*, about 1712, Wodrow tells us that an old Presbyterian minister of his acquaintance once used the Lord's Prayer in public worship. Wodrow asked him how he could do such a thing. The old man, who must have remembered the 'killing days' of Claverhouse, replied that, divided as Christians were, they all had a common property in the Lord's Prayer. 'And for once in my life,' he said, 'I had a longing to be in union with the whole Christian Church.' Still, to repeat the prayer of the Founder of that Church in a Scotch kirk was a daring thing to do. It is well known that the Covenanted ministers occasionally used images drawn from golf in their sermons. But Wodrow quotes from the famous Mr. Blair, minister of St. Andrews before the Restoration, a golfing metaphor so grotesquely, if unconsciously, blasphemous, that, after consulting experienced golfers, I dare not quote it. It is a piece of ancient golfiana better omitted.²

* *

Wodrow was not only a very learned historian and antiquary, but also a kind of Presbyterian Pepys. In his vast note-books he jotted down every event, every trait of character, and above all, every startling story that reached his ears. He confessed his neighbours' sins, if not his own; there he differs from 'dapper Dicky.' But tales of the supernatural were his chief joy; and, more than any collector known to me, Wodrow illustrates the *mythical* tendencies of ghost stories. All myths, as we know,

¹ Bonny[things] : wedding plenishing.

² *Analecta*, vol. i. p. 362.

have a way of getting fastened on to new heroes, as old jests are attributed to new wits. It is the same with many of Wodrow's bogeys. Thus, Increase Mather, writing twenty years earlier, tells about a French Protestant minister Wodrow's anecdote of the Devil, the Probationer, and Mr. Blair. Wodrow turns the *Morte Amoureuse*, that old legend used by Gautier, into a dead wife, not a dead mistress. In vol. ii. p. 307, is a more curious example. Mr. William Trail, a placed minister, told Wodrow an experience of his father's, Mr. Trail, minister of Borthwick, a hill parish on Borthwick water, which joins Teviot above Hawick. This holy man, when he 'had public work on hand,' was called at 3 A.M. by three raps on his door. If he was lazy, 'there were ordinarily three raps at his bed-head.' 'This, at first, in his youth frightened him, but at length it turned easy to him, and he believed these knocks proceeded from a good airt,' that is, 'a good quarter.' In his age and infirmity they 'intirely ceased and left him.' Thus Mr. Trail was a 'medium' without being aware of it. Now, Bodin, writing a hundred and fifty years earlier, tells the same tale about an acquaintance, who is believed to have been himself. This devout man, after long prayer for spiritual guidance, was gratified by a sprite which called him every morning by raps, like Mr. Trail's spirit. It also tweaked his ear, moved tables and chairs, and rapped on a glass, a bottle, the book he was reading, or anything. M. Lelut decides that Bodin, or his friend, was mad, but then other people saw the objects in motion. Again, Hibbert quotes, in his *Theory of Apparitions* (p. 157), a story from Turner's *History of Remarkable Providences*. A pious gentleman took to drink, and, when he had slept himself sober, 'something knocks at his bed-head.' A case of *delirium tremens*, or the like, says Hibbert, but 'all the house heareth loud noises, in other parts where he is. . . . The knocks follow him.' It looks as if Turner's story, Bodin's story, Mr. Trail's story, were all one myth, attached to different heroes. But, if so, Mr. Trail had a remarkable deal of impudence when he fastened the legend on his own father.

* * *

Wodrow tells the tale of *The Bride of Lammermoor* in 1711. His wife is the authority, and she had it 'from good hands.' The legend is merely that the Bride was engaged before; that Ravenswood told her 'there would be a sad accompt of her;' that, on her wedding night, a great noise was heard, and she was

found 'sitting yowling like a dog, and he lying speechless.' She 'yowled and howled till she dyed,' when the bridegroom recovered. Nothing is said about the bridegroom being stabbed. What did really happen? Hickes, Lauderdale's chaplain, was certainly told by Lord Stair, the father of the Bride, some strange and melancholy tale of an occurrence in his own family. So Hickes told Pepys, without details. The contemporary, Mr. Law, says that the Bride was 'harled through the house' by demons. Wodrow, elsewhere, says that one of Stair's daughters was wont to fly across a room, or across the garden even, but from a remark of Law's one conjectures that this was not the Bride, but her sister. It all looks much as if the young ladies were hysterical subjects, and we only know for certain that the Bride died very soon after her wedding. But, from the fact that Stair, with deep emotion told Hickes, in Lauderdale's presence, about some mysterious and melancholy event in his own family, we may infer that the Bride's tragedy was not merely that of early death. Scott did not know Hickes's letter to Pepys, and as Wodrow's *Analecta* was not published till 1842, he probably had not come across the anecdote in Wodrow's manuscript. It is a less amusing anecdote than that of the Influence which called Mr. Trail. What Mrs. Trail thought of this her son does not tell us. Perhaps it was Mrs. Trail who knocked on the bedstead. If not, it may have been Mr. Trail's Unconscious Self. Many people say that they can waken at a given hour. They really keep waking, and so hit it off roughly. But Mr. Trail may have had the knack of calling himself at 3 A.M., and may have imaginatively 'envisaged' the knack as a knock. That sounds very philosophical, and suggests *The Ballade of the Unconscious Self*:—

Who suddenly calls to our ken
 The knowledge that should not be there;
 Who charms Mr. Stead with the pen
 Of the Prince of the Powers of the air;
 Who makes Physiologists stare—
 Is he ghost, is he demon, or elf,
 Who fashions the dreams of the fair?
 It is just the Unconscious Self.

He's the ally of Medicine Men
 Who consult the Australian bear,
 And 'tis he, with his lights on the fen,
 Who helps Jack o' Lanthorn to snare

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

The peasants of Devon, who swear
 Under Commonwealth, Stuart, or Guelf,
 That they never had half such a scare,—
 He is just the Unconscious Self.

It is he, from his cerebral den,
 Who raps upon table and chair,
 Who frightens the housemaid, and then
 Slinks back, like a thief, to his lair :
 T'is the Brownie (according to Mair)
 Who rattles the pots on the shelf,
 But the Psychical sages declare
 ' It is just the Unconscious Self.'

Prince, each of us all is a pair—
 The Conscious, who labours for pelf,
 And the other, who charmed Mr. Blair,
 He is just the Unconscious Self.

* * *

Sherlock Holmes is dead, slain, like Sir Roger de Coverley, by his sire. We all regret him ; there was not a dry eye among students of the *Strand Magazine*. But now Mr. Conan Doyle may write the biography of the Whiteley of crime, Professor Moriarty. It is time he had his innings. The earliest Sherlock Holmes whom I know is Zadig, Voltaire's Zadig. He built up edifices of fact on the very slimmest indications. Then d'Artagnan, in the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, showed the same astonishing acuteness. Then came Poe's Dupin, that judicious thought-reader, who detected the monkey in the Rue Morgue. Then M. Lecoq was very clever, in various novels. But none of them had experiences so varied as Mr. Sherlock Holmes. He might have cleared up the Ardlamont Mystery, one way or the other !

ANDREW LANG.

Imperial Life Office.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

Head Office: 1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

WRITE FOR
EXPLANATORY PAMPHLET OF
'PERFECTED' PENSIONS

The best Provision for Old Age.

All Premiums returnable WITH
INTEREST in the event of death
before the attainment of the
Pension Age.

DELICIOUS. NUTRITIVE. DICESTIBLE.

BENGER'S

FOOD FOR INFANTS

'Retained when all
other Foods are rejected.'

LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

Benger's Food was Awarded the

GOLD MEDAL

Of the International Health Exhibition, London.

*Excellent also for
Invalids and the
Aged.*

In Tins, of Chemists,
&c. everywhere.

MAUGHAN'S
PATENT
GEYSER
BATH-
HEATERS



COLD
HOT
GAS
OR
OIL
SIMPLE
SAFE
DURABLE

51, QUEEN -
VICTORIA ST.
LONDON E.C.
&
56, BOTHWELL ST.
GLASGOW.

THE PURE NATURAL WATER.

BURROW'S MALVERN WATERS

(ALPHA BRAND)

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS BY
W. & J. BURROW, MALVERN.

6d 1/-

DOUGHTY'S

USED BY
LEADING
VOCALISTS

**THE
BEST**

'JENNY LIND'
CHRISTINE NILSSON
SALVINI &c.

VOICE LOZENGES

(146)

From the Swedish Queen of Song,
The late Mlle. JENNY LIND.
Clairville Cottage, Old Brompton,
June 22nd, 1874.

'Sir,—I have much pleasure in confirming, as far as my
experience extends, the testimony already so general in
favour of the Lozenges prepared by you.

'I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Mr. Miles Doughty.'

JENNY LIND.

DR. DUNBAR'S
ALKARAM
CURES
COLD'S
AND
SORE THROATS
BY INHALATION.

ALKARAM.—Of all Chemists, 2s. a Bottle.

ALKARAM.—Address, DR. DUNBAR, care of

F. NEWBERRY & SONS (Established A.D. 1746),

1 & 3 King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London

Post free, 2s.

For the DONNA acknowledgments and the NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS
see overleaf.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the following sums. Contributions received after January 9 will be entered in the March number.

Miss E. Macpherson 5s. W. H. N. 20s. Miss Briggs 1*l*. Miss K. Hickley 1*l*. 2s. J. D. P., East Dean (Donna) 10s.; (Night Refuge) 10s. E. M. C., Torquay (Night Refuge) 20s. W. H. L. (Donna) 10s.; (Night Refuge) 10s.; (Workroom) 10s. M. E. S. (Donna) 10s.; (Don) 10s.; (Workroom) 10s. T. Y. 20s. Miss E. Bowen and Miss F. Bowen (Donna) 3*l*.; (Night Refuge) 3*l*.; (Workroom) 4*l*. F. C. (Donna) 10s.; (Night Refuge) 10s. J. and M. W. 5s. Arthur Toovey 5s. Mrs. Bryce 5s. Miss K. Bryce 5s. Miss Bryce 10s. G. H. Clarkson 1*l*. J. M. S. Blake 1*l*. Nemo (Donna) 2*l*.; (Night Refuge) 1*l*. Mrs. T. F. Erskine 2s. 6*d*. J. W. P. (Donna) 21s.; (Night Refuge) 21s. W. Newbold 5*l*. Mrs. Chalk 5*l*. T. H. Sherwood (Donna) 21s.; (Night Refuge) 21s. A Socialist (Night Refuge) 2s. 6*d*. L. M. N. (Night Refuge) 2s. 6*d*. S. Arthur Peto (Workroom) 5*l*. Mrs. W. L. Wigram 5*l*. J. W. 10s. Miss Jean Ingelow 1*l*. Lord Burton 20*l*. Mrs. C. L. Balfour (for free meals at the discretion of the Sisters) 20s. Howard Orfeur 21s. J. D. Chesterfield 2s. 6*d*. Miss G. Elliot (Workroom) 10s.; (Night Refuge) 10s.; (Donna) 10s. A. J. B. (Workroom) 2s. 6*d*. Anon., Aberfeldy, two mufflers. Anon., by hand, parcel of mufflers. Q. M. G. Branch, War Office, 25s. 6*d*. L. E. S. 10s. Elle 2s. 6*d*. E. T. 10s. S. M. W. and M. F. N. (Workroom) 16s. Mrs. Par 2*l*. C. O. G. 8s. L. Gilchrist Thompson (In mem. Sidney Gilchrist Thomas) 15*l*. Mrs. White 20s. Anon. (Bank Notes) 25*l*. Miss Churchill (Night Refuge) 20s. Mrs. Churchill (Night Refuge) 10*l*. Mr. G. F. White 3*l*. 3s. M. E. W. (Workroom) 10s. Nox (Edinburgh) (Night Refuge) 20s. Mrs. Rowden 3 mufflers. Lady Barrington 21s. H. R. E. (Night Refuge) 6s. H. C. 5s. S. W. 7s. 6*d*. F. A. C. E. (Donna) 5*l*.; (Night Refuge) 10*l*.; (Workroom) 10*l*. M. & E. G. (Watford) (Workroom) 5s. S. R. Patteson 1s. B. W. 2*l*. M. F. E. 5s. No. 7816 (Donna) 2*l*. 12s. 6*d*.; (Night Refuge) 2*l*. 12s. 6*d*. Hon. Lady Elliot (Donna) 1*l*.; (Night Refuge) 2*l*.; (Workroom) 2*l*. Rev. J. G. Heisch 10s. The Misses Heisch 8s. H. S. I. S. J. (Donna) 1*l*.; (Workroom) 5s.; (Night Refuge) 5s. J. B. 10s. Mrs. Reeves (Night Refuge) 10s. Violet Reeves 3s. 6*d*. A tin of household necessities from a Reader of LONGMAN'S for Mrs. Cameron, 7 Morgan Street, E. Eliza Holroyd 1*l*. J. A. P. & E. D. P. (Donna) 2*l*.; (Night Refuge) 2*l*.; (Workroom) 2*l*. A. B., Woking (Donna) 1*l*. 1s.; (Night Refuge), 1*l*. 1s.; (Workroom) 1*l*. 1s. M. Stodart 1*l*. Anon. 2s. 6*d*. Mrs. Mangan (Night Refuge) 1*l*. Miss J. E. A. Browne 1*l*.

Miss Trench acknowledges with special thanks 13s. 6*d*. from Florence Kay, Adelaide, S. Australia, in sixpenny pieces, tied to 22 mufflers and 5 pairs of socks; also 1s. from Ellen Pocklington, in threepenny pieces, fastened to 4 pairs of socks.

The Sisters have received the following direct:—Per Miss Trench 1*l*.; Durlasher Bros. 1*l*.; Australian Meat Company, 4 dozen soup, 1 dozen beef (tins); Col. Greyles, socks and boots; Dixon household, 5 scarves; Mrs. Lease 5s.; G. G. 3 scarves; Mrs. Litchfield, 99 garments from a work-party; In Memoriam, 6 scarves; Messrs. Bristow & Fitch 10s.; The Three Keers, men's clothing; Mrs. Alfred Clarke, 5s.; Miss Marriott, 10s.; Miss E. Lloyd, 10s. Night Refuge:—Miss Hilton, socks; Miss Kathleen Carhew, gloves, socks, mittens, scarves, clothing; E. G. M. 8 shirts, 2 pairs socks; From a good-wisher, 1 scarf; Miss L. Booker, 20 scarves, 2 pairs mittens; Mrs. Moor, 12 scarves; Mrs. H. Hammond, 28 scarves; Lillian and Ivy James, 3 pairs socks, 1 pair mittens; E. M. L. 1 pair mittens, 1 scarf, 1 crossover; Miss Early, 4 pairs socks; per Miss Holder, 5 scarves; Mrs. Alfred Clarke, 5 scarves, 1 pair socks; Miss L. Fletcher, 2 scarves; Miss White, 10 pairs socks.

The Sisters have received from Miss Trench, Secretary of the Donna Knitting Society, during the month of December for the Night Refuge:—100 scarves, 81 pairs socks, 22 pairs mittens, 10 pairs stockings, 1 cap, 4 woollen jackets.

A Parcel announced as sent by parcel post by 'A Friend' has not been received.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

